



THE
LABYRINTH
OF MANS LIFE.

OR
VERTVES DELIGHT AND
Ennies opposite.

By Io: NORDEN.

*Virtus abunde sui est primum, quicunq; sequatur
eventus.*

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TO THE R I G H T
HONORABLE SIR
ROBERT CARR Knight, Baron of
Branspeth, Vicecount Rochester, Earle of So-
merset, of his Maiesies most honorable priuie
Counsell, Knight of the most noble order of the
Garter; And Lord High Treasurer
of Scotland.

Most Honorable Lord,



Haue bin long ballanced betweene
Desire, and Feare: The first inclining
vnto: The second swaying me from,
the publishing of these vnworthy
lines: especially vndre so honorable a
Name. But the first beeing a passion,
incounterpoysible preuailed. Onely Feare remayneth,
least your high prudence, and admired grauity, should
disesteeme the gracing of seeming Leuitie. Because
many frimolus Poems, are dayly begotten and brought
forth, worthy to be abandoned. Yet many worthy
subiects haue been handled in *verse*, much graced and
imbraced of the wise. And howsoeuer these silly lines,
may seeme vnworthy the hand, or eye, of so worthy a
Patron, there is vse in some of them, to be made by men
of whatsoeuer condition: If it be but to the chasing a-
away of that common enemy Idlenes; And to preuent
thoughts lesse beseeming mindes inclinable to *virtue*.
For, where *virtue* is a stranger, *vice* is a dayly guest.

The Eistle Dictionarie

It is a hard task to write a true history of this life, the Mother, nurse, and guide to most lollid content : Containing the *Appetite*, euer within the citle of *Sobrietie*. Obseruing that the more *Concupiscence* is satisfied, and fed, the more irregularly it runnes, from one voluptuous experiment to another ; neuer satisfied with the admired varieties, of abhorred vanities. Men enter this life, as into a *Labyrinth*, or fatall *Desert* of *changes*, and *miseries*. And none escapeth the encounter of those hideous *Minotaures*, *Vice*, or *Envy*, whose dangers are as *Silla*, and *Caribdis*, by shunning the first, he falleth into the second. *Democritus* laughed to see the folly of men : But much more might *Heraclitus* weepe to obserue the miseries, whereinto they are subiect to fall by *Vice*, or *Envy*. Onely that Diuine *Ariadne* (*virtue*) giueth vnto euery prudent *Thesens*, the line of *Right Reason*, to conduct him, through all the ambiguous Angles, and crooked turnings of this lifes *Labyrinth*, wherin *Vice* and *Envy*, couch to snare & surprise the wisest. Common experience the Mother of best understanding reueileth this, as in the glasse of the risings and fallings, of men, which I haue endeuored, in some weake measure, in these simple *Elegies* to dilate : not to teach, but to put men in minde, of the vncertaintie of all estates in this mortalitie, wherein there is neither *safetie*, or *content*, without adhering to *Virtue*, whose companion is *Envy*, which euer followeth, but neuer fayleth the vertuous. *Sola virtus invicta.*

Most bound vnto your Honor,

Io: NORDEN.



The Authors farewell to his Booke.

THOU silly *Orp'han* of my dulled braine,
I send thee forth, in basest Country tyre:
Least falling in, to that *high Courteyn raine*,
Should'st be enui'd if thou wert clothed higher,
So were my cost bestow'd in vaine.

Therefore where so thou shalt be entertain'd
Giue what content may best besit thy place:
And tell thy Readers forc'dly wert constrain'd,
To leauue thy *Syre*, and seeke some *vulgar graces*
Which by desert may be obtain'd.

And as thou maist flye selfe-conceited wits,
Though they pretend experiance:
The meanest apprehension best befits,
Thy Country-breeding wanting *Eloquence*.
Digest it wel, what's ere hits.

If any taxe thee with *too base a stile*,
And say thy *verse*, is but a *ragged Rime*:
Intreat those *Eloquent*s to vse their file,
To burnish thee from that suggested crime,
So shalt thou seeme *A new compile*.

Some will content to heare thee speake so plaine,
That long to learne, and be not *superfine*:
First will them read, if cause be to complaine,
If matter nor the *metter* please their eyne,
Be not dismaid, come home againe.

And

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The Authors farewell

And leue this errand with the *Curious*,
Who seeme to ricer thinges most intricate.
The *wacker*, willing, though lesse *Coyous*,
Search, and conceiu, what Readings intimate,
Else *Reading* were superfluous,

And tell the *Captions* thou art not ignorant,
Of higher *Poems* and *Invention*:
But that thou dred'st to be deem'd arrogant,
Exceeding measure of *Invention*,
Soe censur'd too extrauagant.

Chawcer, *Gowre*, the *bishop of dunkell*,
In ages farre remote were eloquent:
Now *S. dney*, *Spencer*, others moe excell,
And are in latter times more excellent,
To antique *Laurians* paralell.

But matters of great admiration,
In moderne *Poecies* are wordes estrang'd
Inuention of hid speculation,
The scope whereof hardly conceiu'd as it is rang'd
But by a *Commentation*.

Who readeth *Chancer* as a moderne man,
Not looking back into the time he wrote,
Will hardly his ambiguous *phrases* scan,
Which in that time were vulgar, well I wote,
Yet we run back where he began.

And all our praised *Poems* art beset,
With *Chaucers* wordes and *Phrases* ancient:
Which these our moderne ages quite forget
Yet in their *Poems*, far more Eloquent,
Not yet from *Gowre* or *Chancer* fett.

Why should it not befit our *Poets* well,
To vse the wordes and *Phrases* *Unlgarknow*?

Why

To his Booke.

Why shoulde they rouze them from obliuions cel
Sith their ambiguous termes frō whence they flow
The learned Reader scant can tell.

But thinges illustrated with art and sence,
As Chaucer did his *Troylus and Creside*:
To amplifi't aptly with *Eloquence*,
Base matter by good Verse is beautif'le,
And gaines admired *Reuerence*.

Not vsing wordes and *Phrases* all so darke,
But so familiarly as *vulgar* may,
Well apprehend the Poets couched marke,
And see th'*Idea* which he doth display:
About the *Center* in his *Anke*.

This will excuse thee to the friendly *wife*,
But not perhaps vnto the *Captians*:
Be silent yet, know, nothing fructefies
In fatest *wis*, if *will* be sturribous,
wit wilfull, *wil* wil tyranise.

But for more hoped comfort and content,
Keepe on thy way, first to that *worthy wight*:
To whose protecting fauour I thee sent,
He either will accept thee, basely dight,
Or send thee back intcontinent.

And thus I leaue thee to thy *foraines los*,
As other *Orphans* left depriu'd of friendes:
If he affect thee, though some other not,
Though some do rob thee, and some make amends
It is enough that thou hast got.

To

To his deare friend Maister
John Norden upon his
Labyrinth of Mans life. R. N.

Encomium.

Not Egyp's old laborious Labyrint,
Turning, returning, winding in and out,
Which whosoeuer once did enter in't
Euer to issue stood in deepest doubt,

Nor the Dedalon Labyrinth of Crete,
Wherein King Minos shut, the Minotaure,
Nor which Porsenna in Italy did complete,
Nor that in Lemnos Isle, of stonew'd square,
Nor which King Henry-fis Empresse did found,
At Woodstock, for his beautious Concubine,
That famous and renowned Rosamond,
Can be compard with this worke so diuine,
That Norden here (with his practise penitit)
Reueales in this his Labyrinth of mans life.

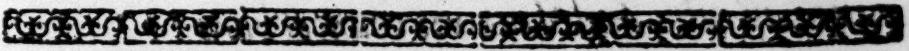
Non luco, subter Rosis.



Amico suo I. N.

THE labour of this *Labyrinth* I finde,
A perfect mirror of an honest minde:
Who hauing truely trod this worldly maze,
Hath left the wonder for the world to gaze,
Where Judgements care, doth by description proue,
Which is the chiefest, *Earths* or *Heavens* Loue:
A worke of worth, and worthy good Regard,
The paines well way'd, well worthy like Reward.

N. B.



To the Author of the *Labyrinth* *of Mans life.*

WHile vulgar heads are stilling *Venus Rose*,
N O R D E N thy Lembeck drops the purest *baume*;
Thy *Nectar* to the Pensie shed in Prose,
With this thy *Mummy* mingled for ech qualme,
Shall giue thee life: and dying, *Lone* reviue,
While *Loue*, or *Life*, on earth remaines alive.

R. F.

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THE ARGUMENT.

The man that in the Cell of silence fits,
Imports content, in his distastfull fits,
The Labyrinth, the worlds inconstancie,
The passionate Desert doth signifie.

True vertue doth the Lady represent,
The hag foule Enuy, alwaies malcontent :
Who what the Ladie, frames and rectifies,
She in despite, inchants, and vilifies.

Wherein the Authors purpose is to shew,
Enuies assault, And Vertues counterblow :
How Enuie shewes her most obsequious,
When she would circumuent the Vertuous.

THE



THE LABYRINTH OF MANS LIFE.

CAn man opprest, though silent, rest content?
Can griefe grow great, and can the heart consent?
Tweene mirth and mourning can true concord be?
Can fire and flaxe consort well, agree?
Can seeming grace that is not grace in deed,
Relieue the heart, it wounds, and yeelds no meed,
Hope, fed with fawnes, is like a withering tree,
That's dead at heart, yet seemes aliue to be.
That *Hope* that hath naught but faire words to feed it,
Is crush'd by him (in shew) that seemes to breed it.
Dispaire at helme, how can *Affurance* sayle,
Affurance tost, wits card and compasse fayle.
What then can bring *hopes* houering barke to rest,
That's forc'd to floate in sea of raging breast?
Onely sad silence, in a secret cell,
Where onely *patience* and *contentment* dwell.
This Cell is *happines*, to them it finde
More precious far, then gold vnto the minde.
By sea and land to finde it some men runne,
As neere at last, as when their race begunne.
The place, the thing, the way they seeke amis,
Fond *Fancie* knowes not, what *Contentment* is.
Men run they know not where, seeke know not what,
Finde not *Content*: not to be wondred at.

The Labyrinth

For wit, nor art, nor policie can finde,
That true content, that cures sad griefe of minde.
Who doth supprese and bridle *Appetite*,
Hath best content, if not an hypocrite.

Appetite implied all affections,
Mou'd as the heart, giues her directions.

The fruits of Lust.
As when the heart, is ouer-gorg'd with Lust,
It vomits forth, grosse humors, things vniust.

Anger, Revenge, Enuy, wrath, and Hate,
Fruits onely growing, on the desperate:
The desperate cannot true patience haue,
They kill content, which they would seeme to craue.
The daughters of Toy-priued *Acheron*
Alecto, Megera, and Tysiphon.

Hels furies, got on darkest shade of night,
Feede with dispaire, their vassals voide of light.
Depriu'd of light, men liue, they loue, they hate,
Abhor, affect, disdaine, are passionate.
Neuer content, content (in shew) they grieue,
Fawning, they frowne. And seeming dead they liue.
Seeming aliue, are in heart, dead in deed,
They seeme to see, and seeing take not heed.
But grudge to see, anothers good content,
That still as like, in good and ill euent.
Not mou'd to mirth, when fawning *fortune* shines,
Nor feares her storines, when her fayre faune declines.

Content.
For, in my Cell I found a pylot fit,
That steres the barke, where I contented sit,
Twixt *silia*, and *Caribdis* gulfes offeare,
Isafely saile conducted by her steare.
Oft bearing neare, where sweet *Sirenes* sing,
Sometimes where *furies* haue their habiting,
Sirenes here, the *furies* there, me haile,
Diuinely steer'd, twixt both along I saile.

Yet

of Mans life.

Yet oft the tempests of sad crosses rage,
Then take I harbor, in port *Good courage* :
Casting *Hope-anker*, on soyle *sapience*
Floating secure, in hull *true sapience*.
Aloofe a little from *Cape ficklenes*,
Where oft I heare sad songs of heauines.
Silent I sate in *Cabbin of desire*,
The storme past ouer, we hoyse and retire,
And on the *banke desert*, I did descry,
One cast ashore, through *wrake of penury*.
And as we past him by, he thus relates,
The doubtfull Labyrinth of all estates.

IF th'earth were brasse, my tongue a grauing pen,
I would therein graue fickle states of men
That rise and fall, that change and alter oft,
From basest clowne to *Keyser* set aloft.
Related words are only winde, and dye,
Letters, transferre them to posteritie.
My subiect sad is *mans inconstans lot*,
That is to day what yesterday, 'twas not.
No state stands long, but riseth or it fals,
And best resembles tossed tennis bals.
Now striken hye, then lights, and then rebounds,
One now is low, then raised, then redounds.

Most strange vicissitudes, of states I see,
Yet not, who happy, or vnhappy be.
Though present wealth or want, seeme grace or grieve,
Few know what hurts, or truely giues reliefe.
For, as earthes creatures liue by contraries,
So, seeming good, or ill, are falacies :
Beginnings good, oft end with ill successe,
Ill seeming ends, may bring most happinesse.

Mans incon-
stant state.

Outward see-
wing deceit-
full.

The Labyrinth

Man, of all creatures that subsede the skye,
Onely partakes, none else eternity.
Guided by Reason hath the vse of Artes,
Of tonges and of diuinest inward partes,
None else hath yet so strange varieties,
Of good and ill, of iinirth and miseries.

Who notes how man begins, perfists and endes,
May see strange chances on which life depends,
From birth to youth, from youth to mans estate,
He growes vnlke and stil degenerate.

As yeares encrease, so alters life and lust,
The body, mind, affection, feare and trust:
Man learnes, forgets, he loues, dislikes and liues,
As weaknesse, power, as wit, or folly giues:

The heart the fountaine of the vitall spring,
Distilles the bloud that nurseth fancyng:
For, though mens soules seeme reasonable all,
All men shew not, their soules cælestiall.

As are mens humors and complexions,
By nature so are inclinations:
Where art or grace guide not, there Nature swayes,
But where they rule, there Natures force decayes:
Yet Nature hath a power commanding strong,
Though art, or grace, haue some command among.
As Art helpes Nature, so experience tries,
Where in best artes the most perfection lies:
Hardly can art make straight a crooked mind,
Nor make him see whom Nature brought foorth blind
As fire in flaxe, cannot be long conceil'd,
At length so Nature is though hid reueil'd:

Malamboily, the mother of best artes,
Hath greatest power, (grace absent) in mens hearts,
All humors strong or much defective breed,
Both good and bad, fruitfull or fruitles seede,

Mirth

of Mans life.

Mirth, greife, sloth, diligence, superbity,
Feare, Enuy, Folly, sweet tranquillity,
B'instinct of nature, bred and brought to light,
Do show that humors haue commanding might:
Some are opinatiue, gracious, pittifull,
Enuious, louing, feeble, strong, fearefull,
Sober, light, foolish, wise, true, false, lyers,
Quarlaus, deceiuers, of vncleane desires.
Strangely affected, all men stand and be,
As humors haue meane, or extreame degree.
By grace some curbe ill disposition,
By discipline and education.

Complexions principall in all but foure,
Their branches infinite, distinct in powre:
Some attribute mens dispositions,
To Starres aspects and Constellations,
That are predominant, at time of birth,
Thence to proceed hartes heauines or mirth.
Some to the clime, where men are borne, and liue,
Some to the tribe, whence men descend, it giue.
Some to the feblenesse or force of seede,
Some to the Nurse and food whereon men feed,
These much preuaile: not yet of force cheefe cause,
Why men refist, or hold diuiner lawes.
An inward cause there is that workes the will,
As light or darke giues motiues good, or ill.

Two ruling powers are of distinct effects,
Mens mindes are led, as each of these directes:
Of loue diuine th'one, th'other of set hate,
As these preuaile, mens actions perpetrate.
Betwixt these powers is always emnity,
The good confirm'd by contrariety,
For, if there were no feeling fight wi thin,
Law needed not to make a sinne a sinne.

Natura

The Labyrinth

Concord of
contraries;

Nature the mother of all earthly things,
Creates, preserues, by due contraryings,
Without a discord can no concord be,
Concord is when contrary thinges agree:
But these two contraries that guide the mind,
Are so disiunct can neuer be combin'd:
As good and ill, as right and wrong cannot,
Be in one subiect, as may cold and hot:
So heauen and hell, and what partakes their might,
Can neuer be in one without a fight,
Though thinges repugnant may haue vnity
And seeme as one and of one quality;
Though *Natures*,simples may in one combine,
And one to others quality incline,
Yet one too strong breedes such dissencion,
As *Nature* hardly workes re-vnion.
Nature by art may imitated be,
And contraries by art be made agree:
Of coulours mixed, merely contraries,
She moldes and makes most pleasing decencies,
The eye beholdes the mixtures with delight,
If they haue beauty, and be exquisite,
But if the growndes, as white, or black, or blew,
Exceed too much, it marres the mixed hew.
Drugges farre vnlike, in hot, cold, moyst and dry,
Are brought by art to true Congruity:
Musick, the medicine of heauy hearts,
Makes concord, only of discording partes,
As high and low, as longs and shortes agree,
So harsh, or sweet, is musicke found to be.
No contraries appeare in perfect kind,
But scene together, or by art combind,
Vnlike to these are inward qualties,
The hart indureth not her contraries:

But

of Mans life.

But as to good or ill it stands affected,
It harbors one, the other is reiected.

Vertue, and *Vice*, are merely contraries,
And each is foe, to others qualities.

And neither *Art*, nor *Nature*, can bring those,
At one; they are, and will be, mortall foes.

Vice, seekes to blemish mindes best qualified,
Neuer preuailes in persons rectified :

Where *Vertue* liues, there *Vice* doth seldome dye:

Vice liues below, *Vertue* aspireth hie.

Vertue in earth, is merely perigrin
In heauen a naturalized Citizen.

Who so is led, by that celestiall guide,
Confronts all Vice, strong, truely fortifide.
Of inward heart, and not of outward weede,
Doe all effects of good, and ill, proceede.
But what is good, that *Enuie* doth dispise
Foe to true *Vertue*, friend to vanities.

What can best wit, what can deep'st wisedome chuse
Or best performe but *Enuie* will abuse?

No publike place, no person of estate,
Whom hatefull *Enuie* will not emulate.

Then I, of lowest rancke, can I be free,
If *Enuie* heauie at highest in degree?
I will digest, foule *Enuies* cup of spite,
Sith they tast most, that are most exquisite:
Foule *Enuie* aymes to hit the innocent,
And wounds her selfe, shee's so malevolent:
She waxeth leane, seeing another fat,
She kicks at others, she not spurned at.

Long haue I trod, this *Labyrinth* with care,
Yet know I not in it what curiuings are:
The wayes and turnings are f'ambiguous,
They make me doubtfull and infatuous.

*Vertue and
Vice.*

Envie.

C.

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1591

The Labyrinth

But who so treades it, with best skill throughout,
Walkes not so wyselie, but findes waies of doubt,

Two guides are in this maze, most principall,
As are the wayes, two in the generall,

The branches infinite of either be,
All doubtfull, though the entries plaine men see.

They guide the passengers in either way,
The first aright, the second, leads astray.

The first yet narrow, slippie, full of let,
The second faire, broad, full of pleasures set;

The first seemes base, most ignominious,
The second pleasant, and tres-glorious.

But whether so, or merely contrary,
Successe declares, not wit, or pollicy;
A hidden mistery, vnseene there lyes,
Within this *Labyrinth of Destinies*.

Wherein scarce two estates, stand equaliz'd
More one then other, hurt, or benefiz'd.

As many men, so many earthes estates,
From basest begger to great'st potentates.

Some sing, some sigh; some laugh and some lament,
Some fast, some feast, some murmor, some content,

Some fawne, some frowne, some act and some admire;
Some hope, some feare, some runne, and some retyre.

Some grac'd, some griu'd, some wrong, & some complain
Some get, some lose, some take, some giue, and gaine,

Some rise, some fall, some stand, some feede, some pine,
Some heau'd aloft, some lofty ones decline.

Some saile with tide, some swim againt wind and tide,
Some flote, some sinke, some run and neuer slide,

Some sleeping get, for fruteleffe gaine some wake,
Some all men grace, some causleffe all forsake.

Some neitlie tir'd (sorts) held of high desert,
Some basly clad (deseruing) held in ette.

Som

of Mans life.

Some boſting, breake into the worlds admire,
Some meeke, though worthy, fildeſome rayſed hier;
Some frowned on in fine regaine regard,
Some fawned, fayle of their vayne hopes reward.
Some lyuing ill, stand yet in wished grace.
Some well yet liue but in penurious case,
Some cruell, tyger-like, some temperate.
Some mild, some mad, some kind, some obſtinate,
Some haughty proud, some of an humble mind,
Some louing, hatefull buxſum, ſome vnkind:
Luxurious ſome, luſtfull, ſome continen-,
Perfidious ſome, faithfull, ſome iſolent,

Thus yeeldes this *labyrin: h*, wherein men liue
It giues ſome ioy, and ſome it makſ to grieue.
A thouſand thouſand, ſtrange varieties
Of outward mirth, and inward miseries,
It yeelds to men: yet none true iudgement haue,
To ſhape their wills, to his who firſt them gaue.
But feede on vapors of a ſtrange content,
That vaniſh quite, as ſoone as they haue vent.
On humaine promeſe, that is made, and diues:
Clip'ſt as the Sunne, by blackeſſe cloudes, that ryſe,
Who thinkes all promeſes will come to paſſe,
Makes faire, foule fancy, with a flattering glaſſe,
Fancies farre fetch't, doe feede a feeble heart;
They cure, or comfort, by diſembling art.
As he that's plac'd in highest ranck conceiuſ,
Him moſt ſecure, yet *fancie*, oft deceiuſ:

The Bramble, and the Cedar, neigborſ bee,
And farre the stronger is the Cedar tree;
The Bramble bends, breakes not, when tempeſts riſe:
" That ſoonest falls, that is of greaſt ſize,
Vnder the Cedar, on a mountaine ſet;
The lower trees, and shrubs, there iſhelter get:

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The Labyrinsb

But when the tempest, tumbles downe the tree,
They bend or breake, that vnder-shelter'd be,
Her stature tall, her massie bodie teares,
And breakes the branches, which the bodie beares.
And vnderlings, which *Cedars* shelter haue,
Doe bow, or bruse, or others shelters graue.
High *Cedar* falling, hath no meanes of stay,
His fall affrights, and makes whole woods dismay;
The mountaine whereon *Cedar* firnely stands,
And woods, when *Cedars* flourish clap their hands.

Some from their birth, left in this maze forlorne,
As fruits abortiue, and vntimely borne,
And he that lookes into *7imes* glasse of steele,
Shall see all states, in earth, as on a wheele
That turnes them all about inconstantly,
Aloft, and lowe, with much vncertaintie.
Glorie, and *Basenesse*, are the boundaries
Of all estates: all but two contraries.
Betweene them both there is a limit set
And either meane, doth her extremes beget.
And he that from the basest riseth hie,
In selfe-conceit hath most felicitie.

Glory and
Basenesse.

Fornung.

But he, whom *Fortune* hath aduanced most,
And not true *Virtue*, hath no cause to boast:
There's no estate, which *Virtue* founded not,
That hath a certaine, or contented lot.
Fortune, is constant, in vncostancie,
Most churlish in her seeming clemencie:
For, what she giues to day, too morrow takes,
She comes, and goes, she followes, and forsakes:
As clouds, and cleerenesse, clipse and cleare the Sunne,
By Fortune so, are men made, and vndone.

The vulgar hearts, eyes, fences, all
In thought, in fight, in iudgement partiall.

They

of Mens life.

They iudge vnequally, of this earths lots
The great, earths ornaments, the base, her spots,
Earths highest portions, seeme true pawnes of grace,
Gracefull allotments, haue no seemings bace:
But in these misteries hid matter lies
Which none can see, with his owne natures eyes,
Therefore I leaue it, to euent; And simile;
At Enuiess weaknes, andher strong reuile.
Partiall she fawnes, and flatters high estate,
And (false) suggesteth, meane, vnfornunate.
Fortune, and *Enuie*, are two secret foes
And neither doth her purposes disclose.
For, whom, and when, they seeke to smite they smile:
And still conceale, the substance of their wyle.
Where *Fortune* fauours, there doth *Enuie* hate,
Betweene them both, there is no sure estate.
But where true *vertues* Heroickes, doe stand
Constant, th'incounter these foes, hand, to hand.
But *Fortune*, taken, in diuiner sence
Is not a foe, but nurse of *passience*:
It is that power that swayeth all estates
And loues them best, that most she verberates.

Therefore the causes of mens want and weale,
This powre Diuine, daignes not them to reueale,
But lets th' ambitious, holds them onely blest
That winne earths happines; and loose the rest.
No art or eloquence, no feare or loue,
Can from earths loue, their blinded hearts remoue:
Opinion strong, reiecteth *Reasons* skill,
Feedes foolish *Fancie*, and peruerts the will.

A face most ougly, may in selfe-conceit
Seeme fayre, welfauor'd, amiable, neyt,
But when he sees it, in a perfect glasse,
He checkes conceit, misdeeming what it was.

Enuiess flat-
ters.

Fortune
and Enuy.

The Labyrinth

So they that think nought good, but this earths might,
Liue yee in darke, not hauling inward light:
Though this high power do freely it bestow,
Yet for what cause the wisest do not know:
For, Fortune giues but thinges of outward vse,
She giues and takes, for feare frames no excuse,
But he that sees and swaith all cuents,
Heaues sointimes vp, some graceles malecontents.
And who foresees when he is lifted high,
What future perill may succeed thereby,
None see the issue of a thing begun,
Nor how successe of good or ill may run,
False, fond, and rash, are humane arguments,
Of high or low, conceyl'd are all cuents,
Somtimes best seemings worse then baser hit,
Which none fore-sees, not one preuenteth it,
The power diuine oft turnes an ill to best,
And best suppos'd of best oft dispossess't.

High powers permit a wicked man to rise,
And by vsurped greatnes tyrranise:
But it's obseru'd, he hath not long to stand,
In his false greatness, but the selfe same hand
That heau'd him vp, soone hurles him downe againe,
That nought regardes, faire fawnes, or deepe disdaine.
And some that see such changes in Estates,
Hold al successes wrought by fained Fates:
No, no, a power superior sits and swaies,
This *Labyrinth*s right race, and her estraines,
Who doth, ne suffers ought, mong men in vaine,
And yet turnes oft mens wayes of loy to paine,
And paine to pleasure if it more besit,
None know thinges issues ere they see them hit,

Astrologers
erre in their
speculations

Astrologers by Planetary skill;

Presume to tell successes good and ill.

If

of Man's life.

If they indeed had deified wits,
They might presage a thing before it hits,
But he that by celestiall influence,
And starres aspects seekes truthe intelligence.
Fore-tels mans lot, and how his end shal make;
May hit by chance; more certaintely mistake,
Gaine makes them gaze, vaine glory makes them speake
They pawne their credits, yet their promise breake:
So they that judge, by pretent weale, or woe,
That future ioy, or greefe, must needs be so,
(Though as the cause men deeme th' effect to be)
Their iudgement blind, cause, nor effect can see,
Blind then that judge of things succeeding well,
By their well-weening, when they cannot tell,
What is that wel that men do much desire,
Wealth, honor, beauty, credit, wits aspire
All which compar'd to wel, indeed are found
Base, euil, idle, rotten, and vnsound.
Vnlesse with these concurre hearts humblenesse,
Feare, reuerence, and faithfull thankefulnessse,
True thankfulnessse, chiefe argument of grace:
Of grace diuine, that leades in that right race,
That tendes indeed to truest happinesse,
To earths contentinent and heauiens blessednesse.
And to that peace that feedeth stil a gaste
That nought remoues but earths care from the brest,
And yet earths care the carnall hearts delight,
That breeds a peace that fosters selfe-despite,
Yet seemeth sweet that seeming yeelds content
The heart mistaking falcifies consent.
As greatest pearles and gemmes of best respect
By humane art are found oft counterfeite.
And he that wants true iudgement of the thing,
Esteemes that base fit Iewell for a King.

Wel hard,
lyknynge.

Simile

The

The Labyrinth

The perfect pearl, is precious, permanent;
The counterfeit, decayes incontinent,
In colour, weight, and value, which doth show
The thing not currant, which doth alter so.
So altered all this lifes felicities,
That fall to goodly and bad, and miseries:
They alerke, and never stand secure,
One giues the cheeke, and lies aloofe the lure.
Th' other stoopes, when men would haue her flye,
And both disdaine all humano policie,
or
At hor the lowe, set sometimes all-aloft?
Are not the loftie, hurled downe as oft?
Prophane, Diuine, our owne Domesticalls
Are mirrors, of Times true memorials:
Sometimesthe great, by base are captiuate
To show that none till death is fortunate.

Security.
The lowe, and hye, stand all, in fickle stay
Like changing actors, in a tragick play:
In this lifes *Labyrinth*, men rile and fall,
As creeke, and curuings leade, they meet withall.
And nothing more leades passengers awry,
Nor breeds more danger, then Securitie.
Securest, oft things most vnjust committ,
Not deeming powers Divine, consider it.
But when they are, in their seurest pride,
Not looking lowe, where danger lyes, they slide.

Prosperity
and Adver-
sarie.
Earths comforts, are like *Phæbus* splending rayes,
Her crosses like sad darke, and gloomie dayes:
Prosperitie resembles, *Summer* spring,
Aduersitie, *Autumne*, and wintering,
Alternately haue these their turnes to runne,
Shining or shadow'd, as, with clouds, the Sunne.
Which way's euer, th'inconstant wind doth blow,
It's still full-various, blow it hye or lowe.

And

of Mans life.

And like to it, are Earthly mens estates,
Increasing now, forthwith againe abates.

Best wits, doe most affect Ambition :
True Wisedome not, but with condition :
For, if she thinke aduancement dangerous,
She makes a pause, not rashly credulous.
For who sees not whereof high state's compounded,
May thinke it large, till he see how 'tis bounded.
It is great honour, to be set on hye,
But greater wisedome, to shun danger nyne.
For *Ennie, Versues* blacke infernall foe,
Cannot affect any aduanced so.

Wit and
Wisedome.

A pleasing step to mount a regall throne,
A wished lot, to be subiect to none.
Yet he that hath the highest step of state
May not be happie, yet seeme fortunate.
The greatest happiness, is found to be,
In him that liues at large, and euer free.
What care, what trauels, what regard haue Kings,
To manage those, vnder their gouernings ?
Kings need but learne this one peculiar art,
Ouer their Subiects, the right ruling part :
To doe themselues, what they would others should
For Subiects mindes, follow the Princes mould,
What loue, what dutie, what affection,
Ought be in those, in their protection ?
For whoso liues, and rules, a multitude
May say he liues in *Honor's* seruitude,
Though he command, the inferiour sort obayes,
They censure yet, what ruler doth, or sayes.
If he be iust then censur'd too seuere,
If pittifull, he looseth vulgar feare.
If he reward, as princely liberall,
They taxe him then, as too too prodigall.

Kings haue
great care.

D

If

The Labyrinth

If he be sauing, and seeme worldly wise,
Th' accuse him then, as too too couetise,
If he be peacefull, and refraine Debate,
He is a coward, farre, vnsit for state.
If he be couragious, princely valarous,
They grudge at this, as too too quarrellous.
If he be graue, then is he proud in shew,
If affable, not fit a Prince be so.
If he be sad, then discontent in minde,
If merry, light. Thus vary they as winde.

Honor bath
Enuy.

Can Honour wake, and will fowle *Envie* sleepe?
If *Virtue* rise, will *Envie* silence keep?
Who then can see, though *Virtue* be his guide;
What may within this *Labyrinth*, betide,
Wherein the wisest, oft, amazed stand:
For best successse, to turne on whither hand.

The highest of the highest rancke is set,
To tread this maze, not free from counterlet.
For, *Envie* bandes, and doth oppose her skill,
To circumvent as well the good, as ill.
Whom she detracteth, be he hye or low,
Receiuers a wound, before he feeles the blow.
But, who pursues, another, in despite,
Hurts more himselfe, then him he aymes to smite.

Virtue and
Envie.

Virtue the loadstarre of a liuely life,
Is free it selfe, by *Envie* forc'd to strife.
Where *Virtue* shines, yet, in the outward deed,
By inward light, makes *Envies* heart to bleed:
Yet none can stop the mouthes of *Machiauels*
That fawne, and whine, yet bite him that excels.
Hardly the highest, and most honourable
Auoide the scandals of those execrable,
Not one, aduanc'd, can tread this maze so right,
But that foule Hagg, will scandalize his might.

The

of Mans life.

The iustest Magistrate, censures not that,
VWhich will not be, by her, accepted at.

Envy maligneth all, affecteth none,
No, no, not those, of her owne faction.
For if she see her instruments to rise,
She is suspicio[n]ous, and will tyrannize.

To raise and then reiect, is her delite:
She makes a pastime, of her workes of spite.
Yet is her force, but meereley feeblenes,
Her wisedome folly, her wit giddynes.
Self-harme she feares, at others goods she frets,
She eggs to *vice*, and *virtue* counterlets.
Desertlesse vpstarts, that from basest rise,
She doth with most desertfull, equalise.
She frames the fancies, of the vulgar so,
As, they giue censure, as is outward show.
The robed in the brauest weeds, they deeme,
Most worthy; base in show, of base esteeme.
They seeme to reuerence, the glorious,
To get their shelter, are obsequious.
To whom, their fawnes, in loue they leuell not.
But to be grac't, by him, that grace hath got.
And some that thus obtaine, the fawning traine,
Thinke it true greatnes: yet, conceal'd disdaine.

The likest way, leades oft to most annoy:
Th'vnlike to grace: This *Labyrinth* is coy.
For oft their lyes, abayt, in pleasing'st things,
Inchanted, and men bite, and then it stings.
Sweet first in tast; And yeelds a while content,
The *tast*, well pleas'd, *will*, yeeldeth full consent.
And swallowes it: And thinkes it will digest,
To his high happines, and thinkes him blest,
That in this *Labyrinth*, he found the way,
That others sought; But found not where it lay.

D 2

Vulgar cen-
sure.

Then

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The Libyrint h

Then he pust vp with vapors of his pride,
Sayles on, as he commanded winde, and tyde.
Then fawning some, some flatter, some admire,
Soyme yeeld al-haile, that hate his haute aspire.
Some emulate, some enuy, some devise,
To hurle him downe, that they theinfelues may rise,
Ambition By right or wrong, Ambition seldome stayes,
When she begins, she scornes to make delayes :
From lowest step, she lifts her foote aloft,
By large degrees ; And he that steppeth oft,
Goes farre : Yet, some, as in a Crane doth raise
Some others hye, by his steps, yet he stayes.
And when the wheele hath mounted some too hye.
The engine fayles, and they fall fearefully.
And standers by, that see them rise, and fall,
Admiring say *better not rise at all.*

This mouing world, may well resembled be,
T'a Iacke, or Watch, or Clock, or to all three :
For, as they moue, by weights, or springs, and wheeles,
And euery mouer, others mouer feeles,
So doe the states, of men of all degrees,
Moue from the lowest to the highest fees,
The lesser wheeles, haue most celeritie,
The greatest moue with farre more constancie,
And if there mouings lowest wheeles neglect,
The greatest mouer doth them all correct.
For, if the wheeles, had equall force to moue,
The lowest would checke, the leading wheele aboue.
So, if there were, no difference in estates,
All would be lawlesse, yet al Magistrates :
Therefore hath Art, well ordered the thing,
That best resembles, Subjects and their King.
The spring is set to force the motion
Of the vnequall wheeles ; to make distinction :

of Mans life.

The wheeles ought moue, but as first mouer will,
If too too fast, or too to slow its ill.

And if the spring, doe tenter string too hye
It breakes : And wheeles runne back confusedly.
Therefore a meane preferues the whole in peace,
And true concordance : yeeldeth sweet increase.

The frame of heauen's admir'd, orbes mighty sphere
Doth shew, by nature, how arts wheeles should stere:
The princely Planet *Sol*, hath limits set,
But in his mouing hath no counterlet.
She's onely Mistresse of the *Zodiack*,
And that she walkes, and weyneth forth and back,
Teaching Earthes potentates to rest content,
Not to usurp, beyond their set extent.
For if the Sunne should grow, too hye, or low,
Earth's orbe or heau'ns her heat would ouerthrow.

Ambition faines, fames period onely lyes
To be *Earths Monarch*, as sole Sunne in skies :
If one in earth seeme greatest of renowne,
Another thirsteth to depriue his Crowne.
Atchieu'd he holds, not yet his fame compleat,
Seeing some neighbour Diadems so great.
There must no equals, or superiors be,
Ambition scornes, comparatiue degree.
Which makes th' ambitious, rash to vndertake,
Things desperate, for gold, and glories sake.
He thirsts, for bloud, he hungers most for gold,
He ouerleapes mens heads, takes not good hold,
Then *Fortune* frownes, and giues his pride a check,
Aspiiring wings clipt, fals and breakes his neck.

Ambition is the sparke of *Envies* fire,
Aspires it selfe, hates others that aspire.
Retaines not any drop of *Temperance*,
To quench the heat, of hatefull *Arrogance*.

The Labyrinth

Where haute *Ambition* climes th' inferior fall,
Hard are th' ambitious, and illiberall :
Vnlesse to *Agents*, in their Tragedies,
Men merely of infernal qualities.

Who stops their enterprise, by force must downe,
Bloud must make way, to haute *Ambitions* crowne.
And when the diademe is wonn, and worne,
With highest dignitie, and best adorne :
The Actors of their miscrean pollicies
No longer held their needfull complices.
But seeking surance for their secrecie,
Make agents, patients of their trecherie.

Then like the Sunne resplending in the skies,
In selfe-conceit, th'are glorious in mens eyes.
Then sway they th'earth, as if whole orbe were theirs.
And due to none, but to them and their heires :
As in a dreame pufst vp, awak't they fall :
Ambition beates th'ambitious to the wall.
Successiuely, *Ambition*, raignes by force,
The sword her right, and *Rigor*, her remorse.
Glorie and gold, are two extremes of lust,
They shine in shew awhile : then turne to rust.

The vertuous man, will not exchange his state,
With him that seemes, in fame, more fortunate.
For, though the greatest, and the most of might,
Haue this lifes outward, reverenced hight,
It is vncertaine, nothing permanent,
But mindes, true patience, and the hearts content :
The vertuous is, and will be as he is,
No tossing tide, or tempest comes a nisse.

The riches of the minde, are light and long,
They bring content, and make the owner strong.
Portage, not ponderous, the roome small,
Where th'owner goes, his riches goe withall.

When

73 Emperours
of Rome in
100. yeares :
whereof only
3. dyed of a
naturall dis-
ease, the rest
were slaine
by ambition.

In the time of
Galianus 30.
vlurped the
name of
Emperor.
The like ambi-
tion among
Popes, 6. at one
time in the
time of Henry
the Emperor.

The vertuous
man.

Riches of the
minde.

of Mans life.

When th'worlds rich man, hath most he thinks in bank
Vnfolds his bils, and findes *Affurance*, blanke.
What he possesseth, others posses'd before :
Dead, what he had, others diuide his store.
These riches, rise, and fall, they pitch and flye,
They runne, and rest, as dust, before the eye.

The greedy Miser, is earths moth, and eates,
The fruits of others, he, yet neuer sweates :
Nothing more pest, to publique weale then he :
Nothing more shun'd, of vertuous men can be.
Though gold, nor glorie, in themselues be ill,
If Will, rule them, And they rule not the Will.
Avarice, a Beast, which hardly men can tame,
It brings in pelfe, puts on't a noble name.
But he that least affecteth riches lot,
Hath that best lot, which some rich men haue not.
For, he that is content, possesseth most :
And least distracts his minde, what he hath lost.
Vertue much greeues not, at sad misery :
Nor much insults, at earths felicitie.
But as the powre Diuine, appoints his lot
He rests content : Th'ambitious man can not,
He thirsts to rise, regards not though by wrong,
His triumph short, in vaine, desired long.

Drinkes are held best, that soonest quench the thirst,
Ambition, drunke, drinkes, more then at the first,
It euer drinkes, yet neuer is but dry,
One clod the mouth. Earthes orbe, fils not the eye.

Fancie, a Feuer hectique of the minde,
It sees sometimes, sometimes againe is blind,
Affection, guided, by right rule of grace,
Disgraceth foolish *fancie* to her face.
Right *Reason*, glut with *Fancies* banquettings
Disgorgeth *Fancie*, and her flatterings.

The Miser.

And

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The Labyrinth

And bendes her appetite to feed on that,
Is onely good: shunnes ill though delicate,,
What happines in seeming happy daies,
Sith life begun, immediatly decayes?
Delight, a dreame; his death can no man shun,
Intreat preuailes not when times glasse is run:
Though life beginnes alike in generall,
By diuers meanes fierce death determines all.
Deaths memory a motiue to liue well,
She comes on sodaine, when, disdaines to tel,
Al creatures irrational shew more content,
In Bruitish life: and seeme more continent:
Then many whom true reason should posseſſe,
As ioy and greefe: by two extreames expreſſe:
Humane delights are ſhort, repentance long
Weak the reſiſtance; will to vices, ſtrong.
What way ſoeuer, ſeemeth ſweet men take,
The truely ſweet, they wilfully forſake,
Heauens ſacred children do the best imbrace,
The worſt the wicked by miſtaken grace:
Both haue their ioyes, but by two contraries,
Heauens truth the one, th' other earths vanities,
The firſt hath inward th' other owtward light
The firſt diuine, that other carnall ſight.

The things men ſee and what they heere posſeſſe,
Is theirs they think, and therein happines,
Thinges present in conceit do profit moſt,
Paſt or expeſted, deemeſed things but loſt.

The greatest men, that ſpatious buildings haue,
At once, posſeſſe of all, one onely caue,
At once they can, but in one place reſide,
Though Gods on earth, in earth not deifi'de
Where ſo the highest or the lowest bee,
In person are onely, as eye doth ſee.

Life and
Death

The vertuous and vi-
cious.

Thoughts

of Mans life.

Thoughts, yet, are hid, hearts, are extrauagant
Hearts hot desires too too, exorbitant.

The greatest ,wise, containe their greatest mind,
And hold them selues, but as them others finde :
Though great in state, true *Honor* is most milde
Stout yet in heart, most constant , vndefil'd,
To whom inferiors ought all dutie lend,
As members worthy, and most reuerend.
The memories, are still solemnized
By th' vertuous liuing, of the vertuous deed.

Some thinke their glorie, of high mountaine fame,
When lesse then mole-hill others hold the same.

Fame arrogate, is but a doubtfull dreame,
A building founded, on a broken beame.
A castle set, nere surges, on the sand.
Which falleth forthwith vnder the builders hand.
Desert, preceding hearts desire to rise,
Is onely that, that truely dignifies.

A fickle trust, or feare, Earths fawne, or frown,
When *Fortune* smiles, she plots to hurle Men downe.
And when she frownes, she frownes to try the minde:
If it be constant,, then is she most kinde.
True *Constancie*, is alwaies, one, the same
In all euents: it holds the force and name.

It's not the thing, that ioyes, or greeues the heart
It is conceit, of best, or worser part.
For, he that is in crosses discontent,
In best estate, was but maleuolent.
The vertuous,in hye, or low estate,
Show not the higher, or the lower rate.

Most men, doe most affect, but mortall things,
Blind, not conceiuing, rightly, what it brings :
What future times may be, seeke not to know,
But that, whereby vaine-glorie most may grow.

E

Affecting

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The Labyrinth

Affecting that, which seemes in shew content,
Like libertie, indeed; imprisonment.
Fetters seeme ornaments, freedome, but guile,
Misery sweet mirth: home hard and harsh exile.
Sicknes of body, crosses, poore estate,
Nothing so hard, as heart infatuate.

Aspiring mindes that fight for Honors fame
Faint not, but in conceit, atchieue the same.
The gaine that growes, by hearts ambition,
Is but the breath of basest of condition,
VVho by the vapors of their lips al-haile,
Raise fickle blasts, that fill *vaine-glories* sayle:
But he that best deserues, true glories fame,
Is, that deserues, and seekes to shun the same.

Some great about great princes, seeke for praise:
As doe Heroicks, by martiall essayes.
Yet either may vsurpe, and challenge that,
Which by desert, neither attained at,
High hope of glorie, moues to vndertake,
Things good, and ill, that may them famous make.
Some mindes so mad, and fancies, furious,
They seeke for fame, by actions inipious.
Project in heart to perpetrate some act,
That soule, and body perish for the fact.

Vulgar salutes, and courtly congies flye,
To gaine the beck, that seedes the fawning eye.
Some struggle to be Princes fauorites,
And yet in heart, but fawning *parasites*,
Some deck them with that vermal excrement,
Of peacock-plume-like, colours orient:
To win worlds wonder, and to gaine the gaze
As th'onely merit-mirrors of this maze.
Aesops plume-stealing Crow, the birds, admir'd
As men admire, the peacock-like attir'd.

But

B. iliaſter Sc-
rach k Id the
P. of Orage,
one Clement a
Frier, and Ra-
uiliack, kild
the two Kings
of France.

of Mans life.

But when ech bird, had his fayre plumes re-rest
The poore proud Crow, was naked, plumelesse left.
Then birds admir'd, more her penurious case,
Then her false glorie, and vsurped grace.
A prudent Cauenat, fram'd by *E/ops* wit,
Needing no Coment to discourse of it,
Vaine-glorious Habite, some, assume to seeme,
One of the Worthies, highest in esteeme.
But were his heart seene, as his habite is,
Few men would gesse, wit, or the habite his.
The tongue, the gesture, and the habite shew,
What fancie feedes the heart, whence these plumes
None, yet can find, depth of conceilled mind, (grow:
Linx-persing sight, to hidden hearts is blind,

Some shroud a secret guile, by seeming grace,
A doubtful mirror, is a fawning face,
More to be trusted is a threatening foe:
Then he that faynes to loue, and doth not so.
Who thinkes all congies, and fayre lookes are loue,
May much mistake, and of all knees that moue,
The Asse that bare the goddesse *I/sis* frame,
Assum'd the Honor, done vnto her name.

Fortunes men haue, gaine, glorie, or disdaine :
Fortunes are coy, but *virtues* courses plaine.
True *virtue* scornes, that silly Asse should beare her,
Fortune not, for many asses weare her.
And As-like sottish, who, so much mistake :
The congies, which, men to their garments make :
The wise, indeed, and truely qualifi'de :
Seeke not, but suffer, to be dignifi'de.
But where desire, presumes, before desert,
He may vsurp it, Th' honor, will reuert.

Admit a man, gaine glorie, and he grow
(By meanes vsurped) hye and looke not low.

*Fortune and
Vertue.*

The Labyrinth

He will by his owne weight, and fulnes fall,
And fained friends, and fawtors fayle withall.
And though he stand, and grace usurp'd possesse,
The outward can not inward part expresse.
None sees, how deepe, how dark, how black, how blind
Is dungeon of dispayre, in doubting minde
Sorrowes-serpents, and grieves-torments lye
Hid in fayre prison, of false dignitie.

The man that liues in competent estate,
And eniuously, doth others emulace;
If he grow greatest, of his ranke will not
Yet rest content, but still distaste his lot.
The dropsie maladie, is alwayes dry,
A quenchlesse thirst, is auaritious eye.
It alwaies爬mes, hath never wished hight,
It seemes to loue, yet loden with despite.
And if it loose, or misse, what it would get,
It breakes the heart, it had a counterlet.

Some seeme to be, what they in heart deny,
And seeke, and finde, what th'would, but can not fly.
And what they flye, still followes them perforce:
Themselves, selfe foes, haue not yet selfe remorse.

Great men, that hold themselues in seruile state,
Though great in show, thinke slaues more fortunate.
What so man holds him, in estate to be,
Though not in deed, In heart, the same is he.
Opinion ioyes, or grieues at things vnseene,
It workes the Will, will blindeth Reasons eyne.
One sleepes secure, though perill be his bed;
Another cannot, not endangered,
Some are but prisoners, yet supposed free;
In freedome some, are prisoners in degee:
A reall prisoner hath seene gyued parts,
Distracted mindes, are fitters to mens hearts.

Opinion.

What

of Mans life.

What most distracteth, is haue Ambition,
Neuer content, with Earthes fraition,
For had he got, this ample Orbe would yet
Not rest content, nor bound his will, to get.

Alexander.

The things in earth, that man affecteth most,
Decreasing grieue, increasing, make him boast.
And when he boasteth most of flowing tyde,
It ebbs againe, and back his fortunes slide.
For as the Sea, stands not in one estate,
But at the full it doth forthwith abates.
And as, when Cancer, doth enjoy the Sunne,
It falleth to Capricorne, where it begunne.
The Moone increaseth, and decreaseth oft,
She new, comes old, now low, forthwith aloft.
So doe the states of men, aloft and low:
Now rise, then fall, now ebbe, and then reflow.
A Father gets, a Sonne spends all, and dyes,
A Father spends, A Sonne doth get, and rise.
No thing is permanent within this maze,
Long'st lasting, passeth as a paper blaze.
And none by nature, rightly sees and shunnes,
Apparent dangers, as, in hast, he runnes.
The strongest striue, to runne before the rest:
The weake sometimes, themselues doe re-inuest.
When partiall censure, doth detract good deeds,
It starues desert, in steede, it Envy feedes.
No partiall hand, nor tongue, nor eye can be,
In vertues life. In Envy's all the three.

Right Reason, and true Virtue, are two twyns,
The second doth performe, what'th first begins.
True Virtue, alwaies hath, right Reason guide,
With her consultes, by her is rectif'd.
A virtue shaped in a forged shew,
By seeming true, hath oft the overthrow.

Reason and
Virtue.

The Labyrinth

An Asse attired in a Lyons skin,
May seeme a Lyon, yet an Asse within.
A masked face, implies ; true beauties hew :
The maske tooke off: oft, filthy face in view.
So countersetts that vertue falsifie,
Haue but the shadow of integritie.
The substance is, indeed, but seeming right,
Compar'd indeed, to *Vertue* in the light.
For, if she were in substance, as in show,
Envy could not but seeke her ouerthrow.
Envy, awhile is to the false, a friend,
But to true *vertue*, neuer to the end.

Censure,

In what affaires, can man conuerse and liue,
But must indure, what censure all men giue ?
If he doe ill, high *Law* becomes his foe,
By due desert, his conscience tells him so.
If well, the world, and worldlings, enemies.
They will, obrayde him, and him scandalize.
And if he seeke to please the multitude,
(A monster) tamed by no fortitude.
Selfe-pleasing, seemeth sweet, and most secure,
Of all diseases, held the helping cure.
Right *Reason* yet, condemnes, selfe-loue, as hate
VVho doth mor publique good, is detestate.
He's happy'st that best pleaseth powres diuine,
Though he thereby, breake league, with humane line.

he Court.

Some hold the Court, the *paradise of ease*,
Of plenty, pleasure, free, of all disease.
Fain'd Hony drops, of courtly smiles doe feede,
Blind *fancy*, till it starue, yet feeles no need.
But when the VVeil, of sugar promise dryes
VVithout performance : then fond *fancie* dyes.
Reason revives, stir'd vp, by sorrowes signes,
Retires, with sighes, to see, vaine hopes declines.

Some

of Mans life.

Some wish to leade, a rorall priuate stare,
Rusticks some hold, of all, most fortunate.
Domestick crosse, distractes, anothers braine :
Some glorie in a clownish, rustick traine.
The swaine that sweates, at paunch-full table toyle,
Feedes fat, more free, then Master of the soile.
Some sicke of court, and country, seeke to please,
Perturbed *fancie*, in the doubtfull Seas.
Some hoyle the sayle, for glorie, some for gaine,
Successefull some, some loose both by, and maine.
To see the parts, the persons, and the states,
Offorraine soiles, and mighty Potentates,
Some pilgrim-like, forge habite to haue passe,
Returning know not, what their errand was.

A Rurall life

Trauellers.

A multi-linguist, is of such request,
To gaine it. Some, giue carcass little rest.
When all is done, that humane heart can finde
None holds himselfe truely content in minde,
Desire, is so exorbitant and large,
It keepes no meane ; of what it hath in charge.
Rich therefore no man, can be truely said,
Whose will with appetite, is ouerswaide.
The seeming best content, will change his state ,
With him, seemes more, and is lesse fortunate.

This doubtfull *Labyrinth*, full of varieties,
Amazeth many, with her contraries.
The most men trauers this *Labyrinth* awry,
Some offelte will, some of necessitie.
Pretended feare, or shame, leade men awry,
They rightly see, and yet miscast their eye.
They would retire, from hurtfull things they take,
But feare disgrace, their rash exchange would make.

Is he not mad that fosters in his brest,
A Viper venomous to make his nest.

VWho

18611

The Labyrinth

Who knowes the thing he perpetrates is ill,
Ers not by chance, but with consent, and will.
The guilty heart, then touched with the same,
Feedes inward viper, to shun outward shame.
Among a thousand men haue not the skill,
To curbe conceit, or manage well their will.

There is a guide, and happy who her findes,
Most ready prest, to best inclined mindes.
Few craue, or haue her (in this maze) direction:
But rashly runne into selfe plagues infection.
Yea they of seeming high and hidden skill,
Doe physicke others, yet themselues doe kill.
Some counsell others to a holesome layre,
Yet they themselues, stay in infected ayre.

Whither may one flye from his inward strife?
Where may he liue, to lead contented life?
The Court hath cares to get and keep what's got,
And feare to loose, what one indeed hath not.
In Country growes, a thousand discontents,
Rurall crosses, Disaster, accidents.
Some seeke content by solitarines,
That yeelds no solace, but sad heauines.
Company, some craue, to moue the minde to mirth:
Short, is that mirth, oft dyerl in the birth.
Some seeke the *Desart*, some the froathing *Seas*,
The *Warres* seeke some; none, yeelds contented ease.
A thousand fantasies possesse the brest,
All promise, yet notene, giues grieued rest.
They flatter all, as fawning Harlots do,
They hugg, and kisse, the weake conceits, they wooc.
They draw the minde from prayffull constancie,
To rash consent, and peccuyl leuitie.
For, what the eye doth apprehend and see,
The heart conceiues, and breedeth fantasie.

Fancie,

of Mans life.

*Fancie affects, or doth reiect the things
That th' artes conceit to th' vnderstanding brings.*

The heart sometimes in couert policie,
Conceales effect, of hidden fantasie,
As he that seemes, to fly the praise of men,
Seekes it, by shelter, in monastick den.
In shew, some, doe deny, what they desire,
Some would goe on in shew, yet they retire.
Some set themselues before, by drawing backe,
In shew some forward, that in heart are slacke.
Some thirst for honor, that deny to take it,
Some well deserue it, would, can not forsake it,
Some seeine to hide them from societie
Desire it yet, vnder fain'd modestie,
Some are most meeke, in seeming outward pride,
In heart some proudest, seeming mortifide.
No man can iudge anothers minde by gesse,
Though outward gesture seeme it to expresse,
A hart-proud man, may be but base in shew,
In heart too hye, in weedes a straine too low.

If men of worth, of office, place and state,
Be base in shew, their grace extenuate.
And bring disgrace vpon the place they vse ;
And giue men place, them and their place t' abuse.
The person iust, the minde within vpright
Giue grace, and glorie, to the basest dight,
Gracefull attire, a lawfull ornament ;
To him that swayes a place of gouernment.
Although the garment, nothing dignifies
The persons, but the place they exercise :
The meane therefore, (though few it seeke or finde)
Should rule, & curb, the grosse extremes of minde.
Some stand conceited of their owne desert,
Of all mens humors, seeme not in-expert.

F

True glory.

But

The Labyrinth

But hold the ~~m~~ all that flatter truest friends,
He is no foe, whose knee and bonet bends.
Strange thing to see, that he should least suspect,
Anothers fawnes, himselfe most counterfet,
But as he forged coppor coyne, for gold,
With it is paid forsayned fawnes he sold.

A thousand humors strange man vndergoes,
And dangers infinite, to gaine him foes.
For, what true *virtue* holdeth not for iust
Proceedes, from in-bred, and forbidden lust.
Lust, inward enemie and rageth most.
In that vaine heart, that outwardly doth boast.
Pompey could not indure, an equall mate,
Nor *Cæsar*, one in Superiour estate.

Arrogance. Yet neither had a stronger outward foe,
Then inward pride, that bred their ouerthrow.
Antiochus did beare himselfe in hand
That he could foote the seas, and sayle the land,
When will, and power, and *Arrogance* doe meete,
Vertue is trod, and Reason vnder feete.

As sorted *Sabor*, that proud *Persian King*,
Was l'ouerswayd with foolish fancyng.
As he the title, *King of Kings* assum'd,
Companion of the starres, himselfe presum'd.
Brother vnto the Moone, and glorious Sunne,
And they shone not, till his light first begun,
Thus arrogance inflames the fuming brest,
Consumes true peace, deprives the heart of rest:

The errois infinite, of wauing minde:
What pleaseth now, is suddenly repin'd.
Conceit intends, all what it seekes is best,
And had, it holdes it, most accepted guest.
But when a crosse conceit, comes thwart of it,
The first cast off, the second held more fit.

Conceit.

of Mans life.

A Prince
favour.

The greatest grace, is mighty Princes grace,
His bounties hand, and his affecting face:
When it's at high'st, it harbors yet a feare,
Least fayrest Sunne, presage a tempest neare.
A Lyons fawnes, fed by his keeper shewes,
Whence Lyons loue, vnto his Keeper growes,
Though gentle clawings, and oft feeding makes
Fierce Lyon tame, heed yet the Keeper takes,
And fearefully he giues, familiar Lyon foode,
Doubting his fawnes, may turne to fiercer moodē.
So Princes fauorites amazed stand,
Lest Prince should frowne, turne, or withdraw his hand.
A Prince may raise, for cause, hurle downe againe,
He's onely absolute, and soueraigne.
But Princes of respectiue clemencie,
Are still the same in princely constancie.
Yet if their fauorites Dependancies,
Proue not of loue, but lust for Dignities.
The Argos-eyed Prince, will soone detect,
The hollow-hearted, and the counterfeit.
The Prince then checks them, (ful of treasures fraught)
Wrings out their welth, & brings their fame to naught.

The way to win, anothers ayde, at need,
Receiuers heart, must correspond the deed.
The *Talion*-lawe, giues like to like to all,
Preuailing deeds, for loue effectuall.
Fearce-loue procures, a deede of like effect,
Faire in the show, in deed, but counterfeit.

When things succeed not to th'expectants minde,
He lookes not where he might th'occasion finde.
His hidden heart, and selfe-hypocrisie,
He might, but will not lay before his eye.
But doth accuse, his fained friend, or chance,
Of selfe desert, will take no cognizance.

The Labyrinth

Fortune

Some faine that Fortune giues, yet doth not see
She makes at random, high and low degress ;
Inconstant, fickle, of *Camelion*-showes,
A fansie or a dreame, whom no man knowes.
Some faine her, brutish, sottish, and some blind,
None can define her, as she is in kinde.
Her name, nor nature, nor her qualities,
Are truely such as man Philosophies :
For when we say, fortune, or fortunate,
It's prouidence Diuine, we intimate.
This prouidence distributes, as he will,
In outward things, alike, to good, and ill.
To none by chance, Diuinely he fore-sees,
Where great, or lesser portion best agrees.
The greatest portion, and the least may fall,
Alternately, and suddenly to all.
And all for good, vnto the good befals,
The best good thing the wicked most inthralls.
And whether seeming good, or ill men haue,
For good, or ill, the powres Diuine it gaue.
Not ill, in what is giu'n, or him that giues,
The heart doth hurt, mistaking what relieues.
*For what is good, blind *Nature* doth despise,*
*And likes of bad, pleasing fond *fansies* eyes.*
As is opinion, so is good, and bad,
The good and ill, is as it's held, and had.

Much ioyes, some man, when he by fraud doth rise
And thinkes him happy in his enterprise,
Such gaine and glory, yet are steps to shame,
Vnlesse true vertue soone reforme the same.

True greatness

True greatness growes, by right and not by wrong,
The lust are great, the contrarie not strong.
Though seeming so, in humane fantasie,
It's but the shadow of felicitie.

For

of Mans life.

For, when the *Fates*, (by Poets fayn'd) so cal'd,
Depriue againe, what they themselues instal'd.
Then how that greatnes, futurely succeeds,
Soone showes it selfe, by vanitie it breeds.
Fulnes, breeds *pride*, and *pride*, breeds *libertie*,
Libertie gets *sinne*, *sinne* brings *miserie*.
Miserie breeds *griefe*, *Griefe* sadnes to the heart,
Sadnes, the gall of out, and inward part.
If outward, and the inward parts sustaine,
For present pleasure, such succeeding paine.
Why should men mourne, when they begin to slide,
From Earths fayre fauour, so oft falsifide?
Assur'd to none, no,none,so great can say,
He stands secure; If powres Diuine say nay.
Where greatnes growes, there emulation breeds,
VVhere *Emulation* lurkes, there *Enuy* feeds.
VVwhere *Enuy* liues, there hidden *Trecherie*,
Seekes to betray by seeming amitie.
It's seldome seene, a man of might to fall,
But some, that seemes to loue, prepares the gall.
Needlesse to quote examples, here by name,
For, full are our times legends of the same.
Are not great Cities, by like guile, surpriz'd,
As well as men, the actors long disguiz'd?
How then can men aduanced high be sure,
That they are safe, though they themselues be pure?
Sith inward fauourites may vndermine,
Their hearts deseignes, and couertly combine,
With *Enuies* Actors, to hurle downe the tree,
Vnder whose beames, themselues safe shelter'd be?
Hate may be hid, vnder true Loues pretence,
And true *Loue* liue. And yet, but held offence:
The first is subtile, secret, politicke:
The second, simple, ouert, still it like:

Couert Treacherie.

Andromachus
betraide *crespus*
vnder colour
of loue &c.
Zopirus be-
traide the *Babi-
lonians* to *Da-
rius*; couer-
taulily.

Poltrot kill'd
the Guise his
master &c.

Loue and
Hate.

The Labyrinth

The first pretendeth loue, and loueth not,
The second loues, beloued, thinkes it not.
Deceiu'd sometimes, by fained humblenes,
And verball dutie, forged thankefullnes.
The fearfull, milde, stands off, in heart comes neare,
Not faining dutie, If true triall were.
The most officious are not firm'st of trust,
Though forward, and by deep protests most iust.
The habite, face, and tongue, might shew the heart,
If it were skil-lesse of *dissembling art*,
The touch of truth, doth in true triall rest,
Truely tride, dutie shewes, transparent brest,
Onely fowle *Egypt* dissembles that,
May draw the innocent to stumble at.
In words, and deedes, and what men doe project,
It much behoues them to be circumspect. (conceil'd
Deeds done are seene, words heard, and thoughts
Fooles speake, and doe, yet say, *I le haue't conceal'd*.
What's done or said, nay thought, will be disclos'd,
Too late to say, *I wish t'were not propos'd*.

All states of men by nature dangerous,
For all are carnall, too too humerous.
And in their humours, often perpetrate,
Offensive things, too inconsiderate.

God discouers secret thing.
For, though they think, the things they speake, or did,
Could not be knowne (from foes conceal'd and hid.)

God discouered the power Treason.
That power Divine discouers secret things :
Concealing none, no, not the thoughts of Kings.
He will re-rouze from darke *Oblivion's* pit,
Fare by-past sinne of men forgetting it.
His Maestic of wisedome infinite
Is patient, but not forgetfull quite.
His long forbearance, no *quietus est*,
Mercy, and Judgement, still possesse his brest.

The

of Mans life.

The powres Divine, behold the inward parr,
Of Rich and poore: nought hurteth, but the heart:
A poore man proud, A rich man couetous,
The powres Divine, hold equall odious.
The poore content, The rich man liberall,
In earth betoken, grace spirituall.

The Rich, and Poore, resemble two estates,
The one, and other, as ech estimates,
Their ioy and griefe, resemble heauen and hell,
How either stands, none, but himselfe can tell.
Although the Poore seeme heere afflicted most,
The Rich may haue, then he, lesse cause to boast.

A harder lot, lights, not on men that neede,
A strong commander in the actiue deede:
But in the passiue part, no thing more strong,
Perforce, accepts, and vndergoes all wrong.
But if it would, it can not doe the thing,
May ease the minde, commanded by a King.

When griefe of heart, proceeds of outward need,
Supply revives, the inward parts that bleed,
But if it grow, by sinnes felt guiltines.
No outward cure, can ease hearts heauines,
Onely the heart, incountring what is ill,
Not doing ill, but as against the will,
Obtaines the victory: that bringeth peace,
That peace, heales griefe, makes sorrow feuer cease.

Hearts nature seekes, to please it selfe below,
Wher, what it feeles, pretends, it well doth know:
Yet knoweth not, by present, future things,
Though what too day, not what too morrow brings.
Much lesse by this, the carnall minded see,
What ioy, or griefe, in future time shall be,
What's found in fine, shall be perpetuall,
Here wunne or lost, the best and principall.

*Rich and
Poore.*

Neede.

*Griefe two.
old.*

*The future
not foreseen.*

But

The Labyrinth

But hearts diuinely light doe here foresee,
Of carnall hearts delights, what end will be :
Bondmen of free, these earthly pleasures make,
The wise preponder, what they vndertake.
For, pleasures comming, promise hearts relief,
Retain'd, perform'd, and gone, leauē th' hart in griefe.
A man best qualifide, indeed doth ill,
To gaze on that, that may peruer the will.
The eye doth shew the obiect of the heart.
The heart then likes or loathes what th' eyes impart.
And when desire, inkindles and consents,
Be't good, or ill, it is the thing contents.
What best contents, is that good thing men craue,
Which they themselues, or which some others haue.
Desire, and *Appetite*, are blind and strong,
They both command, both leade commanded wrong.
Vnlesse right *Reason*, daigne to be their guide,
By whom the heart is rightly rectifide.
Nor to aspire, against right *Reasons* will,
To runne and rife, without regard, is ill.
Many hid gulfes, and pits of danger lie,
Which they auoid, that runne aduisedly.

All men ad-
vanced not
ambitious

Some may mistake, and iudge of men amisse,
Not euery one, aduanc'd, ambitious is,
Whom *Virtue* rayseth ; honorable parts
Will show desert, good deeds, bewray good hearts :
When earthly honor, hath celestiall grace,
Th'inferiour by them, are in gracefull case,
For, as the Sun, shines not, but giues all heate,
So by true *honor*, meanest, comfort get.
A painted Sunne, may seeme in shew to shine,
So may th' ambitious to the qutward eyne,
And he that seekes to warne him by that Sun,
Needs not complaine of too much warmth he wun.

A

of Mans life.

A man that scales, fayre *Honors* moune by might,
Though most vnlust, presumes to seeme vpright,
Where *virtue* daignes not her prevailing hand
To raise: the rais'd, is as a plant in sandy flaine,
Though water'd wyrthes, with the frost of hate,
The blossomes fall, foyld fayre, and delicate.
As good men grow, and rise to wished grace,
So grow the ill, not iudged by their place.
But by the word, that in the place they sway,
Th'vse or abuse, whereof their hearts bewray.

None are aduanc'd by chance to gouernment,
Nor rise, nor fall, by *Fortune*, discontent.
But all are set in places high or low,
And wither too, or else more greater grow,
By powres Divine: The good he sets,
To succour those that haue wrong counterlets.
The ill he sets, that good and ill may see,
How right and wrong, how light and darke agree.
For as all creatures, liue by contraries,
So *Common weales*, in their societie.
If all were of one disposition,
Law needed not, nor imposition.
But, as the night, and day, are two in shew,
And each giues other, changing overthrow,
So right, and wrong, are euer in debate,
The second seekes the first to violate.
Yet takes the habite, of the thing she hates,
To faine it good, the thing she perpetrates.
A wicked man that counterfeites his deeds,
Couets to show them, as true *virtue*'s seeds:
At length they shew the soyle, wherein they grew,
By bud, or bloome, by branch, or stalke, or hew.

It bootes men much, aduanc'd, to haue foresight,
Whom they accept, and shelter by their might,

G

Yet

The Labyrinth

Yet wish I none to be suspitious,
Without good cause, or too too credulous:

None can foresee, th' euent of future dayes,
His harmes, his helpes, dispatch, or his delayes,
Nought can succeed vnto the good, or ill
Wealth, want or meane, withy or against their will:
As they do will, or as they can foresee
All thinges are done by him whose will is free,
And if men knew what prouidence diuine,
Workes by his will, they woulde their willes incline
To take it wel; how so their wills were crost,
For oft it's ill, when seeming wifest boast.

If one aduanc'd, he brought it meane estate,
Let him not murmur, rather sumphare,
Re-chaw the cuddie of wilfull wayes forgot,
Which who forgets the power diuine do not?
From whose al-seeing eye nothing is hid,
Disclosid shall be what so the closest did.

If Envy hurt thee, (*vermeodis* shall ghost)
Feare not nor faint, think not thine honor lost:
Where Virtue liues, there Envy never dyes,
Where Envy lurkes is nest of villanies.

True Honor may be stung, but cannot dye,
Though Envy hisse the standes and scernes to ey.
True vertue fortifies true Honors seat,
The hart heroycall, that still is great
By inward grace. If by his vice one fell,
Obraid him not, nor wish him greater hell,
For, sinne sufficeth for sinnes punishment,
Without inflict of death or banishment.
Men in this Maze haue sundry greefes and paines,
Yet none that liues, all greefes at once sustaines:
But one with this, with that another pines,
As hart corrupt, or member grosse inclines.

Some

One aduan-
ced brought
low.

of Man's life.

Some cry as did the *Shananz* to his head, *no gnost* A
Some as *Antiochus*, his belly ill besteed, *orqz diob* A
With *Asa* some against the gout complaine, *Idmbl* A
With *Aristarch* against the dropsey paine, *and qz d* A
Th' afflicting feauer shakes some's trembling bones, A
The grating *Stone* inforthe helphs groantes, *IdouM*
If theirs and other greefes combinid in one *ordrd* A
And in one body, did insist alone, *as qz Idmbl* A
They all could not one euill equalize, *no qz Idmbl* E
A troubled Conscience gulfe of maladies, *no qz Idmbl* O
Which though men feeld not in their pleasures fits, A
In fine twil try the quintessence of wits, *viva et vici* A
As riuers run into the *Ocean* all, *viva et vici* A
So in the conscience greefes in generall.
To rack the heart that feeleth no terror now; *b. b. b.* A
And nought shall ease it, deep'st protest or vow, *b. b. b.* A
Though men of might may deeme them free from ill, *b. b. b.* A
For that none dare to countercheck their will, *an. M.* A
A guilty Conscience, wil bring miseries, *an. M.* A
No boot to plead high lawlesse dignitie, *g. t. m. l. d.* A
Though *Tyranns* seeme to haue no care to fall, *g. t. m. l. d.* A
In outward shew, within they feed on gall, *g. t. m. l. d.* A
The outward lawlesse, haue small inward rest, *g. t. m. l. d.* A
Their seeming fre, is frost of fretting bteast, *g. t. m. l. d.* A
Foolish, feeble, faithlesse is *vanity*, *g. t. m. l. d.* A
Yet feedes fond fancy with variety. *g. t. m. l. d.* A
Oh sye her trughlesse faining flatteries, *g. t. m. l. d.* A
That seekes to sooth men in impieties: *g. t. m. l. d.* A
And yet betraies the worthiest wights that loue her, *g. t. m. l. d.* A
Thrice happy he that can in time remooue her. *g. t. m. l. d.* A
And most vnhappy who imbrace her most, *g. t. m. l. d.* A
A Sainct in shew, in deed an owgly ghost. *g. t. m. l. d.* A
Some great, disquize their guile, by similing face, *g. t. m. l. d.* A
And seeme in shew to back the weak with grace. *g. t. m. l. d.* A

The Labyrinth

Promises not performed A strong conceit, of dreamt feast doth feed
As doth a promise of a helpe's deed.
Resembling th' apple, *Tanatos* would taste,
That gapes, and bytes, but byteth still in waste.
A promis'd fauour not performed is,
Much like the Apples of *Asphalidis*,
Which to the eyd are goodly great and faire,
Within all ashes and corrupted ayre.
The fairest promises are farthest lost,
Oft, striken faire, as often nicely crost,
A ball that hath no stiffe to bate it out,
Lights alway shone though he that strikes be stout.
Great care ought men of greatest place to haue,
In promise or denyall what men craue,
A quick deniall or a quick consent,
In all demands, yeilds Reason best content.
Lingring performance of a promise made,
Makes Hope to wither in the ripening blade.

Experience. Experience teacheth how to take or shun,
As former good, or ill success hath runne.
Some men do find by others fortunes fall,
A stronger stiffe to stay themselves withall:
He then is happy who can harmes forsake,
By shunning that, some to their hurts did take.
Examples teach to take or to eschew,
And onely steede, as helpe, or harmes ensue.
The best examples may direct awry,
Though in the president no error lye.
As is opinion, so is good or ill,
Mistaken oft, by rash conceiuing will:
Who so pre-ponders how things may succeed,
Before attempts, takes likeliest way to speed.
Somtimes doth ignorance, breed most content
Not to foresee some dangers imminent:

Ignorance
breedes con-
tent.

It

of Mans life.

It breeds, but terror, anguish greefe, and feare,
A knowne ineuitable danger neere:
It profits nothing danger to fore-show
To him that by no meanes can it foregoe.
Onely it may prepare the hearts consent,
To vndergoe what meanes cannot preuent.

Fantacie,

Sometimes to lack what one desireth most,
Is best: And when a thing held dear'st is lost,
Fond fancies, best, is often worst to haue,
What she affects oft makes a free-man slau'e:
Fancy miscarried by a doubtfull guide,
Is much deceiu'd by ignorance or pride,
Rash presumption, and blind ignorance
Are common actors of selfe hinderance.
The one is rash, in selfe-conceit aspires,
The other sottish, may rise, yet retires,
The first conceiueth his deserts so great,
He scornes to seeke: the great should first intreat.
The second knowes not to distinguish who
Is fained friendly, or professed foe:
Without the guidance of celestiall light,
It resteth not in power of mortall wight.
By it the giuer, and the taker knowes,
For what desert the giuen guerdon growes:
This only resteth in true honors breast,
Where never *Auarice* or *Envy* rest.
This *Honor* liues her vertue neuer dyes,
Her fame immortall by *true loues Trophies*
(*Honors renowne*) *Envy* cannot staine it,
Although she frowne, and in despite disdaine it.
This earthly honor, heauens *benedice*,
Her vertues life an earthly *Paradise*.
The garden of content, where growes the seed,
That beares the fruit whereon the poorest feede.

True honor
neuer dicas.

In

The Labyrinth

In this fayre *Eden*, are exalted most,
Who best deserue. Not such as onely boast:
This *Honor* heares, and iustly arbitrates,
Mens causes, when, the partiall vulnerates.
Sith counterfets cry out likewise for aide,
It doth obserue, how ech mans cause is swaid.
And onl' endeuors truely to descry,
Who feele iadec, and who forge misery.

That powre diuine that's absolute, and sees,
Both base and big, disposing all degrees.
Sets vp high *Cesar*, giues him sword and crowne;
He bowes, or breakes, and hurles the proudest downe.

To infinite Earths portions infinite
He giues, from Scepter, to the meanest mite,
And whoso grudgeth, at the lowest rate,
Vsurpes, his portion, and bewrayes his hate.
From lowest step, and basest in degree,
Lots rise by rule, vnto the largest fee.
And none mong all, can so compare his lot,
As he may proue he hath what others not.
No, none, by iust comparison, may say,
His lot is like anothers every way.
For, as mens faces, infinite to see,
Are all ynlike, though some resemblance be;
Yet all compar'd to one, or one to all,
They differ all: So states in generall.
And as they differ, in their hyc and low,
So their offence greater, or lesse in shew.
For persons, time, and place doe aggrauate
Faults more or lesse, or them extenuate.
For when a great man errs in publique view,
Th' examples drawes offendours to ensue.
Therefore behoues them to beware or shun.
Offence: for powres Diuine see how they run.

Who

of Mans life.

Who doth reward in substance, not in show ;
If it stay long, the heauier is the blow :
He doth discouer by al-seeing light,
Most cunning counterfets, that seeme vpright.
Will future answere counterfeit preuaile ?
The Judge is iust, and will accept no baile ;
But as the cause deserues, the party findes,
Pardon, or punishment : his sentence bindes :
Affirmative, Come, Negative, Depart
Without respect of person, but of heart.
The greatest in his sight, vnjust, are base :
Vpright, are great : though in penurious case.
This Iudge of Judges, of true equitie
Forgittes, condemnes ; But neither partially.
It's not the basest, nor the great' st, in grace,
That can pretend, or challenge greater place,
Nor by his place, fore-showes, his weale or woe,
But by his inward, heart, or outward show.
The one is secret, and from man conceil'd,
The other ouert, sundry waies reueil'd.
Yet neither truely doth appeare to men,
The heart is hid, a deep, and darksome den.
But powres Diuine, well see the closest heart,
The wcrke, and will, the thought and hidden part.

This Prouidence, Al-knowing, worketh all,
He hurles downe some, And some he saues from fall,
He feedes som fat ; And some he keepes but low :
He cuts downe some, and some he leaues to grow.
He doth dispose, the things, he giues or takes :
Some ignominious, some he glorious makes :
Some Rich as *Craesus*, poore as *Hecalen*,
Some needie, as was *Irus Ishacen*.
And none can counterman his prouidence,
Policie, nor power, nor haute insolence -

Griefe

The Labyrinth

Greife cures not greefe, sad sorrow yeelds no meed,
Content releues, Conceit doth starue, or feed:
Vaine hope, that hungers for vncertainties,
Feedes fainting heart with helpleſe vanities
Who ties his hope on humane anker-line,
Carnal conceit holdes, that vaine hope diuine.
On humane help yet hope may builded be,
Foundation layd first by diuine decree.
This hope I haue, this anker-hold my rest,
The line of loue hath link't it to my brest:
This line is lent to lead me in the darke,
Of doubtful maze: true duty is my marke.

The descripti-
on of vertue. **T**HIS Tragicall discourse of mans estate,
I heard attentiuely; yet silent sate:
And as I sate in my sad sorrowes Cell,
My hart gaue Eccho, as his speeches fell.
And as I mused what this project ment,
A Lady graue, I saw herſelfe present,
She's Soueraigne gouernesse within this maze
Her glory great made *passionate* to gaze,
Her lookes were louing, beauty sun-like bright,
Her stature tall, aboue the cloudes in height,
Her armes extended infinitely farre,
And on her brest a brazen shield for warre:
One hand a Scepter, her other hand did hold,
A sword; her head a Diadem of gold,
Inſtead of pearle rich, to adorne the ſame,
There stream'd from it a farre extending flame,
Ouer her head, a rich pauilion ſet,
Azure-coulor'd, which in a circle met:
Vnder her feet a Pauement ſtrangely ſpred,
Layd, and compact of ghastly bodies dead.

This

of Man's life.

This strange aspect, and vision misticall
I could not thinke, but mere celestiall:
Therefore, without Divine assistance, I
Durst not coniecte the hidden misterie:
But searching inward truth by outward shewe,
I did collect whence eche of these did growe.

Her lookes of loue, imports the sweete delites,
Wherewith she feedes, her constant favorites,
Her Sun-like beautie, shewes she is Divine,
Her stature tall shewes, she's bove sight of eyne.
Her armes extention, her great might imports,
And readinesse to strengthen, her consorts.
Her shield vpon her brest, shewes her defence,
When Ennye rageth in great st violence.
Her Scepter shewes her power, and loue to peace.
The Sword, her valour, and her myghts increasē:
Her golden Diademe, her victories,
Her splending beames, doe shewe her dignities:
She set within a circled azure Tent,
Shewes her true limites, and her powers extent.
The pavement, of the cōpces of dead men showes,
She hath her foes, and them she ouerthrowes.
She treads them downe that doe withstand her myght:
None see her clearl her beautie shinēs so bright:
But they alone, whose hearts conformed be,
Haue inward sight, and with delight her see.
They frame the faculties of Sence and Will,
To apprechend the good, and shun the ill.
Attendant on this Ladie graue, I sawe,
A hidious hagge, clad, with rent leaues of Lawe:
For, impious ones, that only worke disdaine,
To seeme vpright, seeke shrowde for outward staine.
This hagge was ougly, colour'd pale, and wan;
Her face putt vp, she couer'd with a fan.

H

Her

The Ladykyngh

Her eyes were fiery, tinct of gafful shapes, and T
A sword-like tongue, scene when the hagge did gape. I
Lyon-like her clawes, in hands and feste were set, and T
And when she gryp'd, her ougly tallandes met. a thud
Her nostrels wide, her breath a stinking sent, idonot and
Her stature lowe, her bodie corpulent. dw Belloc bib I
Her hands were both the left, she had no right, hoh
Her armes seem'd great, with bowe and arrowes dight. H
Her lite she leades in darke, and dimall dea, H
She comes among, but seldom scene of men. H
She counterfeits, Camelion-like her hew, 120 somwhat H
That none may know her by the outward view. H
She's alwaies dry, and only drinke of bloud, boid H
Whereof there flowes, where she abides a floud. and wv

This hidious sight affrights my minde opprest, H
And what it ment, I ponder'd in my brest. H
A voyce (me thought) diuinely thunder'd out, H
The meaning of this misterie of doubt. H

The hagge was *Ennie*, which did thus appeare, H
Her colour pale, imports despite and feare. ion et wdd
Her swolne cheeke, shewes her pust vp with spight, T
Cover'd, imports, she flyes reuycyling light. / v. v.
Her fiery eyas, bewray reuenging minde, paa et wdd
Her gaſtfull creeth, her cruell Fygers kinde, vdd et wdd
Her ſword-like tongue, imports her words are wounds, H
Her gaping mouth, whom ſhe can ſcaze, confoundes. H
Her Lyons.clawes, her cructie imports, D. v. v. v.
Her ſtink ing breath, her poysoning her conſorts. v. v. v.
Her stature lowe, imports ſhe is but weake, v. v. v.
Her belly bigge, ſhe muſt diſgorge or breake. v. v. v.
Both hands ſinifer, showes ſhe doth no right, v. v. v.
Her bowe and shafts, her furniture of spight. v. v. v.
The denne wherein ſhe liues, in darke doth ſhowe, v. v. v.
That nought in her, but things of darkenesſe growe.

Her

of Mans life.

Her countersyting sundry shapes, declares;
How forging loue, her deepe despite prepares.
None knowing her by outward habit, makes
Some fall into her snares, and them she takes.
Her thirst for bloud, imports her hate so great,
As naught, but death, can quench her hatefull heate.
The spring of bloud that issues from her Cell,
Showes her delights doe spring and flowe from hell.
All which, she cloakes with tayned pietie,
Cou'ting to couer inward omittie.
This ougly filth, the *Mother of despite*,
Pursues that *Ladie of true loues delice*.

These visions strange appal'd my minde opprest;
For sorrowes subiectes, would, but cannot rest:
Yet by the processe of ech course I gessed,
Whose person ech, of all the threes expressed.

This *passionate*, (deseruing) cros'd relates,
By his successse, the change of all estates.
The Ladie faire, true *Vertue* represents:
The hagge foule *Envie*, nurse of *Malcontent*.
Her cloathing of rent leaues of booke of Lawe,
Imports her seeming, but of Law no awe.

The Ladie modest, had a vayle e'cast
Ouer her face, this hagge w^t makes it fast,
Lest men should see the glorie of her faee,
And guide them by her rudiments of grace.

The Ladie milde, beheld this *passionate*,
Blush at her presence, and her gracefull gate.
The hagge perchance, did most amaze the man,
Who on the Ladie sprinkles with her fan
Distastfull sauours, and reproche with tongue:
Yet this milde Ladie yndergoes her wronge,
Seemes not to heare, or feele her iniuries;
Custome makes constant in extremities.

The Labyrinth.

This gracefull Ladie, doth this common foe,
Captiue at will, yet wils to let her goe.
Giues not consent vnto her weekes of hate;
She holds her, feeble, furious, detestate.

This louely Ladie, with affecting cheere,
Her vaille caltoff, wils passionare to mentee:
He, fearefull fale, before this Ladie faire,
And seekes on suddaine, outward faults repaire.
For, who so comes obtruptly in the view
Of great estates, will all detectes renew,
And set externall things in order neyte,
Though a mecre Pharisaycall concerte.
Much was this passionate deceiv'd in this;
This Ladie lookest, what is within amiss.
No outward biament allureth her,
Who thinke to win her by gay garments, erre.
No outward want, or basenesse in attire,
Disgraceth her, none great, make her admire.
Defectes within, she louely loathes, and flyes:
The good within, with grace, she fortifies.
The impious ones, she hates, and scornes to bee.
Where that foule hagge is entertain'd, not she.

This hatefull hagge, usurpes dominion.
Within this *Labyrinth*, (disunion) did al, contred you.
Before she came, and did intrude the place,
It was no *Labyrinth*, but place of grace:
But now she bandes, in her al-hateful bowre,
In spite usurping vices seeming powre.
She is most barefull to the vertuous:
In outward shewe, yet, most obsequious.
They scorne to soyle theiringers in her deedes,
Deluding some, yet, by her painted weedes,
Camelion-like she oft transformes her face;
And faines her *Angel-like*, in frauding grace.

The

of Mans life.

The Ladie shines, and shewes her selfe to che
That loue her light, and be blacke. Her artes, wile and
Her counsell consequent, to ch' passionate, and audilian.
Showes how to curbe this hagge, though obstinate.
Though she botraies, by wiles, and circumuictes,
The most desertfull, by her instruments.
This Ladie lures, and would haue all men aby
That monster, mother of impietie;
Who lul's her louers, like a nurse of spite,
With kisse of curses, seeming sweete delite.

*The Ladie her speach to the
Passionate.*

Long since I this confused Maze posselt,
(Chiefe Ladie) when t was place of heavenly rest,
Before the fall of him, I first did beare:
Whose dismall fall, this hatefull hagge did reare.
Her selfe once set (pure) in celestiall place,
Envy, and Pride, depriu'd her of that grace.
Cast downe from blisse, then strip'd of light, and loue;
Malign'd the glorie, shining from aboue;
And hates the happinesse of man below,
Plac'd in the Garden, where Content did grow;
She then intrudes, pretending w/ domes loue,
And my first borne, in malice did remoue,
From light to darke, from grace, to giddiness,
From Loue to lust, from Faith to sicklenesse.
In him (my first) haue all posterities,
Lost true content, and found sad miseries.
Now she seemes greatest, and of greatest might,
She's so indeed, but only in despite.
She countercheckes the course, which I aduise,
And fils this Labyrinth with cruelties.

The Labyrinth

The place whers now this *Labyrinth* is set,
Was free to mee, I had no counterlot, gil ibis, I ad T
Till this hagge usurped power, and place, ger conuict
And by her wiles robb'd humane kinde of gracie.
A gracieless guide, her light, infernall fire, I poud T
Begot belowe, blacke Parkonisse was her sutes tomed T
A barefull monster, of infernall breed; iulibis, I ad T
On humane hearts and soules delites to feeder, om iad T
As Toades and Serpents, creatures venimod, iulod W
Feede on gross payson, and pestiferous, lo skid dui W
So this oule hagge feedes only on despite,
Enuie, Malice, Hate, are her delites, bai T
None can escape her hidious hands of hate,
The purest, she seekes to contaminate.

Within this *Labyrinth* high powers rese, gno O
That qualities Dvning, might be geaibis, I ad T
And men by me, might leare to live upright, Before, l
And re-assume the grace of beautifull light, Wher ead W
Which is not got by humans pollicie, Helle ollt 10 H
By Arte or force, or restlesse industrie, vnd Pns, siuial
The proud, malitious, haughty, insolent, vngowob fte C
Learne of thar hagge, their gracieless government, l M
The humble only, and true carefull take A
The way of life, I leuell for their sake, vnd nbln P
A way, yet seeming way of bitternesse, vnd nbln P
Of hearts distaste, and irkesome wearinesse: vnd vnlh A
Only to those, whose reason she pervertis, vnd mott
And seedes of Ignorance, in steede inserts: vnd vnlm H
She muffles men, and hoodes them, lester they see, vnd vnl
The meanes to make them of her bondmen, free. vnd vnl

Thou know'st that hast had tryall of her spise,
Hee is her flau, that is her favorite. vnd vnlies H
If thou persist a favorite of mine, vnd vnlies H
Thou canst not bee but odious in her eyne. vnd vnlbu A

The
practices
of Enuie.

on T

CH

She

of Man's life.

She will oppose th' hand against her hand,
She'll fawne in face, have wounding sword in hand.
A seeming cup of weare delight she beares,
If that serue not, sh' infatuates with teares.
Flatterie and force, are weapons of her fight,
A fearfull combate, to the vertuous, light.
Reuenge of wrongs (though light) she instigates,
Puts patience by, she only plots debates.
Reuenge her ycall, Mocke herse cowardice,
Pardon, (reuoing wrongs) indignities.
The haughty, proud, and insolent, she makes
The Minions of her Court, who vndertakes
A course by wrong, If he grow thereby great,
She will hold fast, to gaine for no intreat.
He is her prudent, her prouident, her bancke,
Him she commends, inhibites to be franke.
And he that will the contrarie imbrace,
(The prodigall) that spends in vious case,
Bounsie, who promiseth, performeth not,
Is truely pollitique, and nota for.
She blinde mens eyes, the meane, they may not see,
The meane is Vice, Vertue th' extreme degree.
A thousand counterfeites of Vertues deedes,
She giues for currant, and truthe bearing seedes.
The Spider and the Toadc (both venimous)
Are ech to other deadly odious:
So Pride and Envie, borne infernall twins,
Hold mynall warre, but Envie still begins.

This hagge haunts me, where I am, there is she,
Her workes and mine, as light and darke agree.
She in despite, peruertes the wayes I teach,
Where I affect, she seekes to make a breach.
Whom I aduance, she plots to hurle him downe,
From basest abiect, to th' impioriall crowne.

Pride &
Envie.

How

The Labyrinth

How did She instigate those bloudie hearts? illwed.
How kept She concord of so many parts? from will to do &
That plotted lately, that strange Stratageme,
That aym'd, not only to the Dindeme, ^{longing, intent}
The Stocke, and Branches of aduired State, ^{as offices}
To Prince, and Princesse pure, and Potentates. ^{royal A.}
But Artes, and Artiles, and Religion; ^{now to agnone}
Had fel together, sad subuersion. ^{and vndone again}
But that the power that curbes her doelest despite, ^{now}
From darkest cell, brought Denydeuise to lighte. ^{now}
Worlds wonder, how this hidious bagge could finde,
So many, knaife me in internall minde: ^{and him selfe}
But that, whom she once windeth in her clewe,
Seldome vntwist, or libertie renewe. ^{first blowe downe}
Spider-like she spins snare, stings, let them lye, ^{leath}
Whom she findes instruments for villanie: ^{and her selfe}
Els needes must some of that internall crewe, ^{laid bare}
Disclos'd the plot, though I were to be crowe. ^{longe old}
Treason. Traytors are worse then wormes, that caue the tree,
Vnder whose barke them selues ingendr'd bee. ^{volumen}
Worse then the Viper, and the Moath that gnawe
Their mothers bowels, maugre Natures lawe.
Antigonus could loue a Traytor so, ^{gaining by his}
As he could plot to circumuent his foe: ^{more to see}
The treason done, transformes his loue to hate;
Reiects the Traytor, person detestate. ^{of his of farr}
What then, if these reneged imps had sped?
Th'had cut them selues, by treason, from their head.
And seeking for their treasons, salarye, ^{dogges}
They shold haue guerdon fit; like treacherie.
What Traytor thinkes, another will him trust,
That's to his Head suborn'd to be vniust? ^{politicall}
A giddie head, an idle thirft to rise; ^{and mad}
A heart corrupt, breeds Treasons first surmisse. ^{and now}

Surmising

of Mans life.

Surmising feares, his in-bred plot is knowne,
Suspects ill haruest ere the seede be sowne.

If this soule hagge, the nurse of dyre despite,
Heauie at the highest, will she not excite,
Her hatefull instruments, to hurle downe those,
Of lowest ranke, and yet, of force, her foes?
In all complots, how so of spite they rise,
On mee she fassly fathers th'enterprise.
She makes Religion colour outward hate,
Which makes the fact farre the more detestate.
Religion is the builder of estates,
And true Obedience, her remunerates.
Strange thing that true Religion should be foe,
To that estate she planted, first to growe.

This hagge doth haunt me at ech wished deed,
Not to assit, but hinder leste it speede.
Where true desert may challenge due reward,
She frownes, and striues the gift may be debar'd:
If any prosper by my ayd-full hand,
Her malice great, takes sword in hand to band:
Not one escapes, who her despite feelest not,
And oft preuailes, her heart of hate is hot.

Examples of her ougly ciuelties,
Are infinite, couler'd by flatteries.
But when the plot, hath taken it effect,
It's found her lawnes were merely counterfeitt.
False, fraudulent, and secret vndermines,
Which when the wile doe shun, then the repines.
And vomites out her glutted gorge of gall,
Without respect of state Imperiall.
Deceipt her sword, flattery, defensiuue sheeld,
Are her chiese instruments of fight in feeld:
Put by the first, the second naught availes,
She flyes, or fass before him she assailes.

Religion
colour of
Treason.

Ennies
chiefe
weapons.

I

Thy

The Labyrint

Thy selfe who hast incommod'd her of late, gaines her
By prooef, doth haue her greene bosome strown
Thought how wise I am, to like me, and to loue
She hates and seyes to haue her conuictio[n]e.

If thou conioyng content, so what I haue done
Thou shalt be neare her, yet withoute hir. O
I am thy guide, this Labyrint is my guide, w[ill]e I haue
Thou shalt goe right, if by me conuerted.

The way to rendre this Labyrint aright,
Is not selfe-forc[e], but only of my mighte to take
Thou must begin, by banishment of ill, to come to
To what is good to dedicate thy will, and to
A bethine O penitentie,
And honest life, free from impietie; this guideth
Is first and chiefell. Neare no dignitie, and to
T

It is not worth of auncesters shame, to be a eir.
A vertuous man, but may haue his shame,
If any vaunt him of high honours stocke,
Whatc[on]tinue, And is no[ne] vertuous, gives himselfe the mocke,
S[ecundu]m d[icitu]r. It is no praise, to haue a praiseworthy life,
It is no prais, It is no praiseworthy life,
Vnlesse the spr[irit]e, by vertuous life inspir'd.

True vertue is the fayre ground of fayre fame,
Who hath not that, vniuerall noble name,
None can be Noble, but the Vertuous,
All Vertuous are not Noble, yet gentuously,
The vertuous-bess, may haue an honest name,
True gentleesse imports the same.

One may be vertuous, yet not seeme to rise
To great estate, or earthly dignities; in which case
Though men see not, nor praise thy vertuous deede,
Imbrace them still, for inward grace abredde.
If Vertue liue within thy secret breake,
She will bee working, Vertue cannot rest,
Nor seldomie may, for Earthly friends i[n]fidele
Men liue in thee, or thou to liue by them.

Set thou therefore, righte in thine iudgement, & lif
As thou be not seduced by that foyl,
She will allure thee by her outward wiles,
By office, place, and honourable titles,
For wealth, by thy neighbour's baser thy place,
Or by some small rothy most disgrace.

She heaues aloft, hastes downe, gratheth, disdaines,
The fawnes, & from meadowes, haire up plauds, constraint,
As she for purpose fadeth mens minds, & herte,
Fortune and the world, and her combe,
Fortune tawning, she strowneth, frowning, she knieth,
The fawn'd, and frownid, she feedes with equall wiles,
I trust not now, forre, blinde Fortune, nor blind,
Fickleness, the one, & other fassie,
And fassie imitate Divise regard,
Which gives, nor takes (recipotting them) reward:
But as the heart of high and lowe are set,
So high, or lowe, conceipts in their bosome,
What chyngis of disciso to wreke,
The good to ill, she ill to wreke the belte.

Thou hast had swall of fowle empit rightes,
Be constant, walke by lawes, & thynges,
Consort not with her, she will make thee base,
Were thou a branch of most high honours race,
Refraine the way, where she will cast to gad,
I will conduct yhera fruites & fayre, & faire
Though she alay to aleghish, and deprave,
Like subtle Serpent, by good things I haue.

To place pollyard, with the filth of sin,
She will intice to beare to enter in,
What I command, she will suggeste to helpe to do,
What I forbide, if she let go, they will, I wot not
Be not too rash, what she bide undertake,
Attempt it not, by mee, first triall make.

The Labyrinth

What I advise, if thou revolc and fly,
(Faining consent) it is hipocrisie.

The Truth is naked, Craft is cloath'd with guile,
None vse deceite, but are deceiu'd the while.

Imbrace the words and documents I teach,
Let not this hagge, make in thee smallest breach:
For if she set foot, in thy heart, and finde
Foundation fir, in thine vnstable minde:
Hard to remoue her from the Citadell,
She in thy heart plants, and prepares to dwel.
Armies of Vice and Vanities will be
At her comand, and overmaster thee.

The chiefeſt point that first thou art to ſeeke,
Wisdom Is that true wilどome, which makes hauncmeske.
It is not Natures gift, as Nature stands
Polluted, but giu'n by Diuiner hands:
Mans nature knowes not things celeſtiall,
No not it ſelfe, and parts materiall.
But only as they ſeeme, them takes and holdes,
The cauſe materiall, and the formall mouldes.
The perfect, and imperfect outward parts,
Not th'inclinations of imperfect hearts.

Speach, motion, breathing, ſicknes, health, and light,
Are ſomewhat ſubiect to weake Natures ſight:
But who, where, how, wherfore men are; to knowe
Is giu'n by grace, doth not by Nature growe.

In ſhowe the impious may appeare upright,
And ſee ſome ſteps of Truth, by Natures light:
But brought vnto Truthes teſt, it's found but droſſe
That flies, and vaporates, and brings but loſſe.

Youth and age. The young and old are apt to hide their ill,
(That comes by Nature) not to cul be the will:
Vnſetled in their iudgements, young men are,
The aged feeble, yet of deeper care.

The

of Mans life.

The idle froth of youthfull fuming braine,
Must be cast off by Wisdome, to containe,
Not to consent to all what th' hart would haue,
Nor to effect all *appetise* doth craue.

In doubtfull things, giue not too rash consent,
Lust buyes too deare a rash experiment:
Her present pleasures, with succeding paine,
Content, with griefe, both, with perturbed braine.
Continuing lust, gets hatefull *Impudence*,
Infamie and shame succeede concupisence,

Concupis-
cence
brings
shame.

Young yeares in some, haue old experience,
And aged men the least intelligence:
But it's obseru'd, soone rots that ripes too fast,
A suddaine flame, is no long-lasting blast:
True Wisdomes seede, sowne in the grecest head,
Water'd by grace, doth quickly branch and spread:
So doe the humors of vnstable minde
Grow strong or weake, as Fancies are inclyned.
A life contemplatiue in things Diuine,
Brings hurtfull humors vnder, that repine.

Soone
ripe soon-
rotten.

It's not the Cloyster, or the Hermite life,
That keepes perturbed minde from inward strife:
But constancie in *Virtues* exercise
Which he obtaines that best Philosophies:
That by true reason can his iudgement guide,
Which he can not, that is not rectifie.

This Wisdome doth in words and deeds consist,
Not in the Will, that worketh what it list:
But in the Will, by grace Diuine renew'd,
And in the sence, by Nature new indew'd.
This Nature sowes, in mindes preparid, the seede,
That beares the fruite, whence will and worke proceed.

Nature
renewed

This changed nature, and reformed, swayes
In some degree, the minde that most estrayes.

The Labyrinth

Some sparke shes leaves, in minde: polluted most, bi id
Which most neglect, and deeme it sincerly loste.
This Nature will require, what first it gaue,
Aswell what th' vitiouſ as the vertuous haue:
Though they forget, and make no yſcōfing,
Excuse, but vaine, fram'd by the finēſt wit.

Euery man hath
a sparke
of Divine
light.

Enui &
Lust, cō-
prehend
all for-
bidden
things.

There is a light, within the darkeſt minde,
Though it ſhine not, none can pretend him blinde:
For, he that ſucs, and loone conſents to ill, conſcience
Feeles yet a lawe, that countermands the will.
The will yet obſtinate, performs the fact,
That light within doth witneſſe the contract:
That light will ſhine vnto the conſcience,
And will reueale, moſt hid concupiſcence.
The things indeede thou muſt auoid, and doe,
Are in effect in generall, but two:
To flye, what Enui egges thee to effect,
To doe what I in contrarie direct.
Vnder the name of Enui, and of Lust,
Is comprehended, what I hold vniuſt.

Pride, Enui, Cruelie, and Amarice,
Deceit, Hypocracie, and flatteries,
Presumption, and prodigalitie,
Ingratitude, Hate, Sloth, and Gluttonie,
And many other things forbidden, reſt,
Harbor'd and hug'd in euery doting breſt.

Earths pleauers, vanities, carnall delites,
Are Natures content, not guided by my rites.
As many Sences as the bodie boares,
So many appetites Affection reares:
Ech pleauers propper to ſome Sence alone,
The reſt then ſleepe, or are content with none.
The thing belou'd, delites the longing eye,
The other Sences, ſilent willingly.

The

of Mans life.

The eye suffiz'd, the care pertakes her share:

The taste, smell, feeling, all propensiue are

To feede affection, and abuse the heart,

Which erres, led by polluted Natures Arte.

When ech hath yeelded, what his office giues,

The heart misgilded, thinkes it much reliues.

And when the heart, whence springs affection,

Hath fedde at full, of false refection,

Then hungers it anew, for new delite,

What fancy likes, it holds most exquisite.

The changes of fond fancies appetites,

Are infinite, seeming a while delites:

Forthwith they grow vnto such harsh distaste,

Others are had, fit for a blast.

New choyces, new change, strangest varieties,

Are sweete awhile, in fine perplexities.

Affection, guided by Reason Diuine,

Shuts vp the outward, opes the inward eyne:

Avoids earths pleasures, treacherous and short,

Seekes pleasures, which eternitie import.

The pleasures which determine, be not best,

Nor long content the minde, wherein they rest.

Pleasures alone, that inwardly are bred,

And by right reason nourished and fed,

Shall never change, though outward senscs die,

Their inward ioyes shall live eternally.

Let thy delite be then, in what doth last,

Sport sparingly, in that may bring distaste.

The weakest worme, hath motion to aspire,

Knowes not yet whether it rise or retire.

No more knowes he, that fancieth this and that,

Where, or what marke it is he aymeth at.

The brutest beast, seekes and desires to haue,

What so his brutish appetite doth craue.

Pleasure
perma-
nent.

Resembling

The Labyrinth

Resembling those, that what they see, affect,
Though ill have not, true reason to reject.

The minde doth long, the will consenteth and takes,
Lawfull, or not, as mindes delite, it makes:
But if the will, and full affection bee
In earthes delites, it makes a bond, of free.
As pleasures come, they fawne, as harlots doe:
But past, the minde left stunge, they come into.

It outward actes of thy delite regaine,
More inward force, exhilarate thy braine,
Dul'd with the practise of true vertuous deedes,
Be moderate, and then no ill it breeds.

And for thy choyce of thy companions,
To passe the time in recreations,
Looke not upon them, as they onely seeme,
Nor thinke them so, in shewe of good esteeme:
But trye the humours and the inward minde,
Before consort, prouch how they stand inclinde:
If they affectare vitious wordes and deedes,
Abandon them, scurtilitic it breeds.
And in thy recreatiue disports take heede,
Thou loose not that thy inward grace may feede.
Thy constancie and magnanimitie,
By wantonnesse, and effeminacie:
No recreation beedes more infamie,
Then to bestowe deare time in gamestric.
Dicing beseeches noe men of grauitie,
But brands them with the marke of leuitie,
Offrensic, indiscretion, wanting wit,
With these the sagest Romans branded it.

Let vertues actes, be cherished in thee,
So shalt thou keepe thy minde assayled free.
Vertue a power, ruling the inward part,
Brings into order the disordred heart,

Choyce
of com-
panions.

And

of Mans life.

And sets th' appetite in so comely frame,
It thirsts for nought, but *Reason* holds the same.

Goods.

One thing among a multitude, is had
In great esteeme, which makes the gainer glad:
It beares the name, which trul' it cannot take,
Goodes: yet not good, for good it cannot make.
It rather makes the good indeed the worse,
Exing the mind for goodes to fill the purse.

When inward heart doth rest in settled peace,
If thou thy health, thy limbes, and sence possesse,
What more can wealth, and great abundance bring,
But feare to loose (and lost) thy sorrowing?
In getting much is great perplexity,
In keeping it as much timidity.
But greife of greefes to leave it when he dies,
Can that be good, that breedes such miseries?
Can houses, landes, can gold or siluet give
To mindes distract, harts-Mumny to releue?
Can Jewels of the highest price abate
A feuer heckticke, or the darter of hate?

Be not too bold, to ryot of thy store,
Though thou be sure supply will bring thee more:
A mountaine wasteth with soft drops of raine,
And wasted once, hardly suppli'd againe:
Therefore if *fortune* fill thy fist with gold,
Spend, yet, in spending, be not too bold.

Nor spare it so as if thy heart had not,
Some other, and farre more releyuing lot,

Some know no other bounty then to spend,
Yet can propound therein no lawfull end.
The wise yet find, idle expendings vaine,
They spend in measure and a meane retaine.
Not prodigall, as if it could not wast,
Nor too sparing, fearing, to want at last:

Prodigality

K

Auoyd-

The Labyrinth

Auoyding these two strong extremes of ill,
They find the meane doth purchase most good will:
They that imbrace and loue earthes excrements,
Loue onely things compact of elements,
Which by their composition haue defects,
One cheife predominant, the rest reiects:
For when the elements do disagree,
The bodies long continuance cannot be.
So he that sets his mind on money most,
Hath vse of sacred vertue merely lost:
For earthly pelfe, and vertue, contraries,
Agree as fire and waters qualities:
And as the fire, predominant preuailes,
And all confining fewell stil assailes,
So loue of lucre doth increase and rise,
As ritches rise, and earthes felicities.
Ritches are good if owner knowes to vse them,
But merely hurtfull; if he do abuse them.

Desire.

When thy desire begins to grow to strong,
Giue it not head, nor foster it too long:
It hardes the heart and sorreth so the braine,
It makes commit the foulest thinges for gaine,

Lying.

A common fault raignes in polluted breast,
And cloaked oft, by deepe, yet false protest,
To gaine vain-glory by the masse of pelfe,
Some sell a lye for losse of soule it selfe:
Incident to most, respecting misteries,
Respecting persons, great diuersities:
But they that haue the habit in the heart,
Can coulour it by nimblenesse of art.
But what they gaine is like vnto the lye,
It seemes, but is not, as appeares to eye;
The hearers hart, deceiu'd by false relate,
So is the lyer by the gaine he gate.

For

of Mans life.

For, what he gaines, by false protestes, consumes,
As snow in sun, and as light vapor fumes.

This hagg, my foe prescribes this false receipt,
To nature sick, which workes in men deceit:
Nature corrupt findes sweetnes of this drugg,
Fancy affecting, doth the potion hugge,
Drinke first a dram: then quaffes ot falsity,
. omits at last whole floudes of periury.

Lying a greeuous sicknes of the mind,
And's where wants *Reason* or where *Reason*'s blind.
Cur'd by right *Reason* or by publike shame,
Who loues to lye, hates yet a lyers name,
A lyer euer is rewarded best,
Not to beleue him though he do protest.
Pope *Alexander Sextus* never did
The thing he spake, and *Cesar Borgia* hid
His inward thought, and spake the contrary,
Father and Sonne of deepe hypocrisy.

If power and place may seeme thee to permit,
To act the thing by law thou thinkest fit.
Be not too rast, consult with reason first,
And do not thou but what right *Reason* dirst:
The law without, rules not the mind within,
What Law may do the mind may think it sinne;
The law commandes, some thinges it tollerates,
The first exacts, the second moderates:
Foure vertues hath each law that gouerneth,
It swayes, forbids, perimits, and punisheth,
In these right *Reason* moderator stands,
Contracts and suites, in Iustice, passe her hands.
The Lawes extremes are too exorbitant
That to right *Reason* are disconsonant:
Therefore the meane in case of difference,
Best equal zeth law and Conscience.

Civillardine

*Reason and
Law.*

K2

How

1861

The Labyrinth

How impious is't, and yet a common crime,

To do ill and
beast it.

Grossly to erre, and make it yet pastime:

Many presume, and foulest facts comitt,

Blush not to tell it, rather glory in it.

They hold their infamy a badge of grace,

They make, and cast their owne durt in their face:

These are the men, whose liues the world laments,

Their deatnes vntimely, bring as great contents,

These are the froth and scumme of *Envies* trayne,

She breeds a swarne of vices in their braine.

The greatest
fault is to de-
fend it.

Some do deny, or forge their faults offence

With shift or lye, or by some hid pretence,

This aggrauates the fault more then the fact,

Confession lessens guilt of foulest act,

By art some shroud their inclinations long,

Conceiling nature, yet when't waxeth strong,

It breaketh forth, in perfect coulours scene,

What seemed, seemely, found to be vncleane.

Reforme thy Dissembling holines and sanctity,

selfe before
thou re-
proove.

Are th'only pictures of impiety.

If thou hold not true meane in what thou doost,

In iudging others art the more vniust:

Reforme thy selfe, and then command, correct,

Judge when thou hast repaireld thine own defect.

If thou be iust and constant in thy deed,

Whom thou exhorts will take the surer heed.

It's easie to giue counsell and direct,

To heare as easie, harder to effect,

Consult with
the wise.

In consultations see thou still consort

With men of vertue, and of best report:

No Counsel steedes, least it true *wisedome* guide,

It prospers not, not by her rectifide

wisedome is slow, in resolution

Resolued; constant in execution.

Now

But

of Mans life.

But if the counsell-giuer be not wise,
Consult a new, before the enterprise:
Aduised pollicy cannot but be,
The best assurance, wit of man can see,
In most attempts, steedes magnanimity,
But neuer (but by chance) temerity.
But howsoeuer, thinges well plotted, fall,
Be thou the same (constant) grudge not at all:
For I will fortefie thy heart anew,
And good content shall futurely ensue.

As thou consistest of two contraries
Nature, and grace, seeming vnities:
So are there in thee two distinct desires,
Carnall downeward, spirit' all vpward aspires.
Whether of these predominant in thee,
Carries consent where thine affections be,
What thou affectest is thy best delight.
If it be earthly it's my opposite:
That delectation, how sweet soeuer,
Is but conceit, conceited to perseuer.
Yet fades on suddaine, as a morning mist,
And of like substance, al the like consist.
As farre as doth the Sun exceed a starre:
Heau'nly delights, the earths, exceed as farre

None set delight in pleasures here below,
But such as the superior do not know.
If once true iudgement thy opinion sway,
Affection, cannot lead thy will astray.

Accustome thee to ioyes spirituall,
They comfort most though supernaturall
Natures delights are sweet to outward sence,
Sowre in effect, breeding in fine offence:
Hony sweet in tast, yet if the silly Bee,
While thou dost tast, bestow her sting on thee.

*Nature and
Grace.*

*Spiritual plea-
sures.*

The Labyrinth

Thou wilt be wary in thy second tast,
Pleasures haue stinges, when their delights are past,
Then satissie thou not fond *fantaſie*,
It darkens sense and blindeth *Reasons* eye.
The more thy fancy is fulfil'd and fed,
False delights More strength it takes, and more peruerts the head.

Pleasures are like a whorish painted face,
Onely in show, voyd yet of inward grace,
The tast of pleasures to the outward part,
Is seeming sweet, within polutes the heart,
Carnall delights are foolish *fancies* ioyes,
Fancy Right *Reasons* guide abandons them as toyes.

A thousand things by fancy are affected,
Not one of ten, accordingly, effected:
A gulfe it ſelfe, a gulfe of grieſe it makes,
It is ſelfe bane, and ſtill ſelfe bane it takes,
Sensual delights, ſhe falſly holdes diuine,
Yet worke they dangerous effects in fine,
And though men laugh that liue licentiously,
They laugh at losſe of their felicity,
Mad men, and tooles, do laugh at iniuries,
And wittingly imbrace their miseries,

Some erre in dyer, ſtaffe of mans releefe,
Be temperate for gurmondy brings greeſe:
Most danger growes by groſſe ſatiety,
But neuer any by sobriety,
Yet often, hurtes, to be too abstinent:
In meane, is *Nature*, (rulcd) best content,
When vulgar congiſes yeeld thee most all haile,
Think then ſome monster ſeekes thee to affaile:
Stick to thy vertues to defend thy fame,
icklenes of
vulgar cen-
tres. No other weapons, can protect the fame.

The idle vapors of the vulgar riſe,
And fall againe, as fauour liues or dies.

The

of Mans life

The fawnes, and frownes resemble well the Bee,
When sun doth shine they swarme and sing we see:
But in a black and gloomy day they lye,
Within the huie: Thus they obserue the sky,
So when on th vulgar rayes of fauour shine,
They fawne, let fauour faile, their loues decline.
And like a monster fawning; to be fed,
Failing of food, gripes keeper on the head.

Sometimes the great, fall from their outward grace, Patience in Disgrace.
To low estate and ignominious case:

What then can his perplexed mind content,
That seces redresse dangers imminent?
Ready to fall, he flies, and seekes to shun,
The ill he feares, from which he cannot run,
In this sad strait there is one remedy,
To make a vertue of necessity.
That's to imbrace what he cannot forgoe,
To dye the death if force determine so,
Where vertue dwels, there dwels true sapience,
The mother, nurse, and life of patience.

Vertue resembles Aarons sacred wand,
That buddeth blessings, held in working hand,
But cast to ground- breedes serpent in thy breast,
In life and death let thy heart be her nest.
There will she bud and bring forth sacred deedes
Deuouring all the serpents spawne that br breedes

Vertue.

The wife, strong, carnally magnanimous,
Haue vertues habit, heartes prodigious:
For that foule hagge, the *dame of false delights*,
Giues outward glory to her fauorites,
She mooues the mind she workes th'affection,
As only Lady of direction:
She paints the baites, affection sucks delight,
Lul'd in Lusts lap, the better partes despite.

Carnally wise

Flye

The Labyrinth

Fly this infernall hagg and her inchants,
It's not for good the seeming best she grants.
She doth excite to grosse and vild attempts,
And by protests, al danger she exempts:
And by degrees she winnes the doubting mind,
She frames the baies, as she findes mindes inclind.

Ambition
Vaineglorie.
Emmes ob-
cruations.

Ambitious mindes, meanly incens'd to rise,
She liftes a little to low dignities:
Then tenders she matters of greater sort,
Sugiesting those, their glory much import.
Then who so standes in way where they must passe,
Must downe, a Diadem, or head of brasse,
And when these silly subiects of her fraudes,
Are at the highest, them she then applaades,
Feedes them with fawnes, and false security,
Plotting the while against them trechery,
They must not stand, sufficeth her to see,
Her plots preuaile and them in high degree.
Soone she repines, at their aduanced state,
She trips their heeles, whom she did eleuate.

Whom she obserues vainegloriously bent,
She showes false meanes to make more excellent:
To gaine him grace, the meane is to exceed
All of his rank, in cost and forme of weed.
Spending gets glory, sparing but disdaine,
He's too mistrustful, if he faue, or gaine.
Spares not spends all, at last depriu'd of all,
Then she obr aides him as too prodigall,

She leaues no heart vnsearcht what she deteacts:
Is fundamentall ground for her projects:
Some are by inclination nigardly,
Them she persuades to liue more thriftily.
Vntill they grow most avaritious,
Sugiesting them yet too too prodigious.

And

of Mans life.

And when they are in highest honour set
To gaine; she snares and takes them in her net.

Concupiscēce, the bane of best estates,
Though most pestifrous, she extenuates;
She shews it in a glasse of libertie,
To make it seeme loue, and no leuitie;
Yet fastens she a foile of deepe disgrace,
Griefe in the heart, shame in the outward face.

Concupiscēce

A minde inclinde to hatefull *Icalouſie*
She feedes, with strong deluding fantasie,
And layes the counterfet, so like in show,
As if it were the thing he sought to know:
And when she hath the strong suspition wrought,
She breedes him Enuy, for the thing he thought;
A greater sickenes sacketh not the minde,
Then this that seemes to see, and yet is blinde,
It doth pretend the quintessence of loue,
'And yet condempnes the part t'would aproc.

Icalouſie.

What is the thing mans heart incline vnto
How ill soeuer, but she egges to do?
And done, appeares to those in vgly wise,
VVhom she seduc'd, and them she terrifies.

VVhat brings reuenge, the act offoule despite;
Vaineglorie egg'd by *Enuie* to the fight?
VVhen light occasion moues the minde to rage,
VVhat head so light, will lay his life in gage?
Who leaues his foe in field dead, combat done,
Griefe and repentance are the gaine he wonne:
VVhere hearts affect reuenge, she laies the plot,
Hearts coldly hatefull, she fires and makes hot;
Suggesting him a coward that remits
The smalleſt wrong; yet when th'offender smits,
She egges the smitten to that deadly hate,
That each must other kill or vulnerate.

Reuenge.

L

And

1581

The Labyrinth

And him that wins the prize with best content,
She doth pursue death, or banishment.

Pride.

Vaineglorie, and exesse in needles pride,
Resemble Phaeton, (vainegeorious guid'e)
That mounted on the Charret of the Sunne,
Could not checke, nor manage horses runne;
No more can he that gives his will the bit,
It runnes to riot, cannot mannage it.

Auarice.

What gaines the avaritious, but his cares
To get and keepe what he in vaine prepares?
He sits secure, yet suddenly befall
A thousand deadly dangers corporall;
Besides the griefe, that he must needs depart
From that false god, he honours in his heart.
What deadly feare, amazeth him to see
The gastly gulfe, whence no escape can be?

Concupiscēce

How prize men lust, brutish concupisēce,
That brings so many griefes for recompence?
It is the pledge, and earnest of that shame:
Offorce, succeeding, sorrow-winning game:
Short seeming-sweet, sharpe in the finall taste,
A brutish rage by'th brutish heid repast.

The errors infinite that doe distract
The minds of men, in purpose and in fact:
To tell them all were a superfluous deed,
Not one of all, but this fowle hag doth breed:
She shews the thing, though most pernicious,
In a false glasse to make it glorious.

Flie and resist the practise of this witch,
Stoope not vnto her lure, nor soare her pitch,
Of smallest sparke of thy prest wills desire,
She kindles thirst, and longing to aspire,
Distasting then what present fortunes be,
No true content, or peace, can lodge in thee.

Enuie,

of Mans life.

*Envie, Despite, and hatefull Emulation,
Lust, Lucre, and vnbridled Ambition,
Will be the fewell of thy fuming braine,
The smoake thy smother, thy disgrace the gaine,
Inward distasts, thy hardned hearts vnrest
Shall be the banquet, thou sad Sorrowes guest.*

Oh flee her, follow me, liue and learn my law,
Thy truest freedome is of me thine awe:
My strongest hate, is hate to hatefull vice,
My loue I leuell to the vertuous wise;
To such as shunne the painted paths of lust,
Set not delight in things compact of dust;
Nor tide, nor tempest, can driue them to doubt,
Assail'd they stand, a Lion not more stout:
Foes fright them not, threats breed in them no feate,
Poore state grieues not, nor daunts whatso they heare:
Hope being helmet, *Confidence* their shield,
Affurance their sword, nothing can make them yeeld;
Death that most dreadfully threatens and kills,
Heau'ns firie gusts that fearefully distills,
Thunder-claps, nor tempest, plague, nor warre
Affrights the hearts of men that vertuous are.
But as a Ship in stormy tempest tost,
So he at death, in life that boasted most,
Because true *Reason* pilote to the wise,
Stirs not the heart, when storms of *Fansie* rise.
Affection as a stormy gust doth driue
The *will* on ground; wise he it can retrive,
And bring it backe, by *Reason* to the port,
Where I am Gouernesse and keepe the fort.
But if it harbour where that hag doth keepe,
A seeming hauen, safe, secure and deepe,
A storme arileth, shelter then not neare,
It sinckes the hope, and none can it vpreare:

The Labyrinth

The minde inconstant, swaide with euery windē,
Sailē euery, yet no way but as the blinde.

Inconstancie.

The blind in light, are alwayes in the darke;
So he that is inconstant aimes no marke :
Now mou'd with lust , reuenge then seeketh hee,
Now spends, then spares; In bondage now, then free :
Now hope, then feare; now fauour, then disdaine;
Ambitious now, then in the lowest straine;
Suspitious now, forthwith too credulous;
Now prodigall, then auaritious.

Dissimulation

As are desires, so are their opposites,
Conceal'd sometimes by arte of hypocrites;
A smile may couer hatred of the heart;
Inward deceit shadow'd by outward Art;
Seeming frugalitie shrowds Auarice,
Dissembling grace, a seeming benedice.

But thou in following me shalt surely haue
No seeming succour, but the thing shall sauc;
No carnall care needs much perturbe the mind.

The vertuous.

Of him whose heart is vertuously inclind;
To him is fulnes, peace, plenty, content,
Neuer distracted by most crosse euent;
He still is one, *Fancie, Affection,*
Enuie, Revenge are in subiectio[n]:
Sufficeth to be vertuous indeede,
Not onely seeming, hauing but the weede;
The theorickē, wanting the practicke part,
With speculation, must be vse of Art:
Else when the stormes of meanest crosses rise,
They hold sad silence, or giue childish cries;
If griefes within, nor cries without preuaile,
Their wits becalmed, floate without a saile.
Then steps this hag vnto the helme and steares;
Hoiseth her sailē, aloofe off *Grace* she beares:

Lanching

of mans life.

Lanching the Barke into most vniuers seas,
Among ragg'd rockes of horror hearts disease;
Then falls the Barke vpon the rocke of *Pride*,
Lust beates her then, and boulgeth th'other side;
Ambition breakes the prow, *Envie* the keele,
The stormes of *Blasphemies* make t'hull to reele:
The masts and shrowdes of *Reason* lacerate,
With bullets of *Despaire* in that estate.
Then houers *Hope*, hauing redreslesse leakes,
In gaining anker, *Surance*-cable breakes;
Some swimming haste to shoare, leaue *Fancies* barke
Vnto the hagge, rent, floating in the darke.
They worke againe for life of inward grace,
Then th'hag leaues helm, & hath these (scap'd) in chace,
They crie to me, I reach the hand and sauethem
From that fowle hag that makes pursuite to haue them:
Then she retires and seizeth on the rest,
Makes them her follie slaues, she first possest;
She chaines them then, feeds them with false delight,
And makes them rowe the Barke of her despight,
They are the instruments of her complots,
For prize she gets, her silly slaues cast lots:
Their shares are grieves and sorrowes preparatiues;
Their seeming pleasures, conscience corosiuess,
Yet seemes to blesse them with a thousand ioyes,
But what she doth or sayes found deadl' annoyes.

How can she blesse, that is a cursed sot,
How can she grace, who grace hath neuer got?
She leades men backe, in shew they forward runne,
She keepes them darke, yet faines them in the Sunne;
In words she seemes to be right rule of grace,
In workes, and wiles the worst of hellish race;
Who frame their fancies, as she doth, or sayes,
Are most vnhappy in their happiſt dayes:

The Labyrinth

The more to mooue the ignorant to erre,
She shews their glory, whom she doth preferre.

Example and
ounsel, whe-
et strongest.
Examples more preuaile in good or ill,
Then *Counsell* doth, to winne, or wrest the will:
Therefore examples the propounds and showes,
Of good successe, neuer of ouerthrowes:
Her fautors rising, not their falles reueales,
Their seeming ioyes their inward grieves conceales,
Nothing but pleasures she depaints to lure,
Allur'd, pretends they cannot but indure.

feature short What pleasure can be truly pleasing long,
Although *Affection* be neuer so strong?
It waxeth weake, and then the pleasure dies,
Although by art the same she fortifies:
The *Power* may die, and yet the *will* may liue,
If *will* be dead, the *Power* can not it giue:
The will doth worke the act, act not the will,
Yet weakest will increas'th by active skill.
For, *Custome*, is a second Natures Nurse,
Best actions may by custome waxe farre worse;
Yet *Custome* is not simply dangerous,
Though in the worser part suspitious.
Of slender sparke ariseth mighty flame,
But not vnlesse fit matter feed the same.
So where as *Custome* lets it foote to rise,
In ill, subdue her lest she tyrannize,
While she is young she may be managed,
But growing olde, she will be strong in head;
But euer weakest is she found to bee,
When she should worke the mindes of men to mee.
And when she frames her will to aide my foe,
She's prest; the hag needs not constraine her goe.
Yet not of her selfe-inclination,
But as mens minds haue preparation.

For

of mans life.

For though she see me a Princesse by her law,
She is not absolute, but vnder awe;
She doth command, the mindes she can surprise,
(The seeming so) burnat the truly wise:
By nature men are proanest to doe ill,
Without an outward prompter of the will:
And where she findes the will prepared so,
She feeds affection as fond fansies goe:
She offers still occasion of her aide,
Stil building more vpon the plot she laide.

Thus custome alters, or begets anew,
A nature, which at first, her selfe withdrew;
Both good and ill she can transforme, and make
As is the heart apt good or ill to take.

She's agent both for that fowle hag, and me;
Regards not much whose instrument she be:
But rhat my foe hath her attendance most,
She brings me only those that hag hath lost.
Decrepite, feeble, aged, impotent;
The wrong'd, oppressed, lowly, indigent,
They that by her despite and pleasing charmes,
Haue found her witchcraft, and doe feele their harmes:
Not yet by nature, but b'instinct of grace,
That only light bewraies her vgly face.

Flie her, her pleasures and false instruments,
And set thy heart right on my rudiments,
I am delite, my wayes and workes delite,
My pleasures please not carnall appetite,
Heroicke acts, that make men honorable,
Are only sweet, and most inestimable,
The rest are false, found meere scurrilitie,
By which some loose, both fame and dignitie:
But such as haue me patronesse and guide,
Shall never fall howso they seeme to slide:

They

The Labyrinth

They shall withstand, and get the victorie
Ouer that hagge and hellish companie:
Whose conquest farre exceeds the manli'st hand
That swaies a sword, none stronger can withstand.

Two kindes of
pleasures con-
trarie.

The life of man hath two distinct delites,
Contraries, each to other opposites;
One seeming not, yet is delight indeede;
The other seemes, but is not of the seede.
The seeming not is blemished with spite,
Which makes it seeme sad sorrow, not delite;
The seeming, is, as it is found to bee.
Sweete in the first, sharpe in the last degree:
One seemes contempt, and yet is glorious,
Th'other glorie, yet ignominious.

The issues of these two delites doe show
Whence either takes, the roote and sap to grow,
The first doth spring from my loues influence,
And beares *Content*, faire fruit of *Sapience*;
The other issuing from polluted head,
Defiles the organ, through the which t'is led;
And whoso tasteth of that poyson'd spring,
Infatuates, or dyeth murmuring.

Experience.

The wise in me, by me doe learne to shunne
Harmes to themselues, as others harmes haue runne:
And if thou see some runne this *Maze* awry,
Conceiueth curuings, crosse the wifest eie;
Therefore I wish thee to obserue and take,
My rudiments aright, and triall make,
By inward exercise and meditation,
And by true practise sweerst recreation.

Prowd hearts are hic, yet grouell on the ground,
The meeke looke vp, where true content is found,
And that content is planted in the heart,
Water'd and prun'd, by right *Reasons* art;

And

of Mans life.

And beares the branches of those true delites,
That spread abroad in hearts of *Proselites*.

True *Conuerts*, who from *Ethnicke Enuise* came,
And gaine them grace, and glory in my name.

If thou haue *Honours* birth or dignitie,
Adorne it more and more with pietie,
With iustice, mercy, and true patiencc,
With constancie and heauenly sapience,
With humblenesse, true magnanimitie,
With loue, with prouidence, and policie:
Thus thou adorned with celstiall g'ems,
Shalt farre exceede the farre more honor'd steins.
Let name and nature, heart and hand agree,
Let *Honours* name be dignifi'd in thee;
For I approue the parts, the person not,
But onely so, as he approoves his lot.
Birth is the badge that shews from whom men came,
Not much materiall, base or noble name.

Of base degree, I raise, and set aloft,
The noble-birth, abusde, I checke as oft;
It's not the fire that dignifies the sonne,
Nor him disgraceth; but grace lost and wonne:
A noble birth may be disgrac'd and fall,
The base may rise by acts heroicall:
As greatnes growes to ripenes, and to rot,
So basest rise, and come to highest lot.

Some are of noble stocke deriuued farre
From *williams* conquest, yet in's Armes a barre,
That barres him not from higher honors state,
(By due desert) then he th' first honour gate:
There was at first no diffrence in degrees,
Time brought forth *Honour*, and indignities.

How came men first of equalls differing,
Aduanced some; some contrarie, declining?

With what
the honorable
should decke
them.

The noble and
base are inter-
changeable.

M

The

The Labyrinth

The first, magnanimous and valorous,
The second, base of minde, and cowardous; A
The first, appronid by proweſſe in the field,
The second, faint, vnhardy, prone to yield; B
The first, to Letters, and to wisedomes law,
The second, to vaine virious wayes gaue awe; C
The first, by grauitie gate gouernement,
The second, wanton, graceleſſe, malecontent; D
The first, gate honour, ſcepter, ſword and crowne;
The ſecond, shame, diſgrace, and publique frownes; E
These were originally of each degree both good and F
As men were led by that fowle hag, or base G
These changes hold, by prouidentie Diuine, H
The vertuous grow, the vicious decline, I
And though the generallis in heads but vaine, J
The branches infinite, they hath sustaine; K
And as there are in creatures, ſteppes to riſe, L
So many downe-falls, in their contraries; M
If that fowle hagge my opposite haue place, N
No honour riſeth but with deepe diſgrace. O

The effects of
vertue.

My wayes reſemble ſugar in their kinde, P
Sweet in themſelues, and ſweeten all the minde, Q
Make croſſes light, and eaſie to be borne, R
Digested, pleasant, cheering the fororne; S
The loue of me abandons loue of luſt, T
True truſt in me inſeebles carnall truſt, U
In whom I rule, and he be rul'd by me, V
All diſculties to him eaſie be. W

Not to ob-
ſerue another,
but how him-
ſelfe doth
ſtand.

It is a matter diſcult to finde, X
By Nature how another is inclinde; Y
Nor is't my will, thou ſhould'ſt diue deepe to know; Z
How others ſtand; but how thy ſelfe doſt grow. A
But if a publique noſe, by art thou ſee, B
Judge, yet not rashly till the iſſue bee. C

of Mans life.

For he may rise, or suffer for his guilt;
And thou maist fall, by building as he built,
A happy president; that doth fore-reach,
Before a floud to stoppe a doubted breach:
When others harmes farre off thou dost behold,
Thinke thine are neare, *wisedome* not rashly bold:
If thou perceiue an errour in thy friend,
Judge not, aduise; *None happy till the end.*

When due desert may challenge thy regard,
True *Bounty* rests not in a bare reward:

Desert and
Bountie.

But *Fauours eye*, preferring will and might,
Giue all their aide, to yeelde deseruer right:
And when thou seest, by fained readinesse,
One to assume selfe-greatest worthinesse,
Thinke greatest boasters are not best of deed,
A cable-show in substance, spiders threed.

When hatefull *Envie* stands inuenomed,
To spew her malice on best qualited,
Let them be silent, silence workes her shame,
No outward force, but inward makes her tame:
She flies when I resist, she falls, and dies,
When I encounter her with verities;
Her force is *Falshood, Flatterie, Disdaine,*
These ouer-gorge her, she cannot containe.

Envie.

Foule *Envie*, blindnesse, and true *Vertues* light,
Resemble *Egypt* when t'was darke and light;
Where I enlighten, darkenes vanisheth,
Blacke darknes where that hagge inhabiteth;
None comprehend my light, but they that haue it,
They hate that darkenes, and the hag that gaue it.

Envies blind-
nesse.

My light resembles that celestiall place,
Her darkenes hell, depriu'd of light and grace;
Mine is a mount of ioy, hers gulfe of griefe,
Mine giues content: hers barre to all relieve;

Vertues light,
and Envies
blindnesse,

The Labyrinth

Her charmed venime strong, strong her despite;
Whereby she drawes the weake to her delite:
And to deceiue, she counterfeits true light,
That they that can not iudge, may deeme it righ.
She sets fowle visard on the fairest face,
And on her owne depaints dissembling grace;
Deprauing me, she seekes her owne renowne,
And in conceit she stands, and hurles me downe.
She slauders those that I doe traine aright,
By it supposing to increase her might.
She makes hers seeme by outward ornaments,
Worlds happy ones, and mine as malecontents:
But Plants may seeme to liue, dead yet in heart,
And seeming dead, may liue in inward part.

Mans twofold life, a twofold death declares,
The one of ech all men see how it fares;
For, that men liue, and that they die, men see,
Their inward life, or death, not how they be;
Therefore rash censure I forbid to gine,
The liuing, dead, the seeming dead may liue.

Censures vn-
certaine.

As censure sound, or partiall doome affords,
So are men held; *A publique errorr words.*
Words worke report, Report, fame, good or bad,
The fame oft false, grieuing, or making glad.

All outward
shews deceiue.

The badge that best assures what others bee,
Is gesture, act, and countenance men see:
All these deceiue, and therefore rest content,
Search not, iudge not, but leaue it to euent.

Thy selfe, I wish thou would'st thy selfe vnfoid.
Vnto thy selfe. In secret, who not bolde?
What in thy selfe by due scrutation
Thou find'st, make it a lawe or caution;
A law to liue in awfull temperance,
A caution to prevent more arrogance,

So.

of mans life.

So shalt thou settle peace within thy minde,
A wall of brasse before thee and behinde:
Who or what so encounters thee thus guarded,
Shall fall or flie; and thou stand, and rewarded.

A thousand censurers will looke on thee,
As are affections, so their censures be;
The vicious, to the vicious vertuous,
The vertuous to the vicious odious.

VVho builds a house, or doth some publique acts,
Stands on the stage of flatteries and detracts:
If he be valorous, then desperate;
If he be a coward, then considerate;
If he be bountifull, then prodigall;
If he be couetous, wise and frugall;
If he be ciuile, then a feelie sot;
If he be insolent, fit for what not?
If he be affable, then base of kinde;
If he be arrogant, of gallant minde;
If he be proud, a comelie personage;
If meane in tire, fit for no equipage;
If he grow great, he is ambitious;
If meane, content, he is infatuous;
If truely zealous, then a Puritan;
If irreligious, great Politician.

A world of wonders, this worlds wonders maze,
None see themselues, yet all on others gaze;
A forren fault men see; not selfe-estrayes.
The guiltiest censure, the lesse guilties wayes;
Fret not at this, faint not, nor be dismaide,
From Clowne to Keifar, all are thus displaide.

Now for conclusion thus I say to all,
To base and bigge, I am not partiall;
But he that swaies his words and deedes by me,
In fine shall finde a Diadem for mee.

The Labyrinth of mans life.

When this Discourse this *Ladie faire* had ended,
And I obseruing whereunto it tended,
Rightly collected what before I guessed.
Whose persons these three vnooth'd gifts expressed.

Forthwith this *Ladie* and the *Hagge* were gone,
And left this *Passionate* in cell alone;
For though they seem'd of shapes substantiall,
They haue no bodies but are spirit'all:
Yet can and do dispose themselues to bee,
Where either likes, though no man may them see.

F I N I S.

18611

Norden, "